

*A  
Magazine for  
Lovers of  
Good Reading.*

# THE LIGUORIAN

*September*

*1943*

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In Faint Praise of Altar Boys

*J. J. Galvin*

The Case of the Dying Child

*D. F. Miller*

Antichrist in the Bible

*E. A. Mangan*

Troops of the Virgin

*R. A. Gaydos*

OF WAR AND WARRIORS:

The Four Freedoms of Peace  
On the Ways of Soldiers

Electricity

*F. W. Stratman*

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

We promised last month to continue the *Who's Who* of LIGUORIAN staff members and more or less regular contributors. Here they are:

*James J. Galvin, C.Ss.R.*, ordained 1937, spent several years on Missions in Puerto Rico, traveling by horse to small mission stations in the outlands. (If you missed his article "Canario," a character study of his favorite horse, published a few months ago, you have something to look back through old issues of THE LIGUORIAN for.) Off and on his poetry has sparkled on the pages of THE LIGUORIAN. Having recovered from an illness incurred in Puerto Rico, he is now stationed in Boston, Mass., but has dreams of returning to his beloved Puerto Ricans.

*Raymond J. Müller, C.Ss.R.*, ordained 1927, studied Canon Law in Rome, 1929-31, and took degree, taught at St. Joseph College, Kirkwood, Mo., for a time, but for the last 11 years has been professor of sociology at the Redemptorist Seminary in Oconomowoc, Wis. An expert in social problems, economics, and the ethics of business, he has a book in preparation on the *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pope Pius XI. Has

addressed social conferences and social action schools throughout the nation.

*Edward A. Mangan, C.Ss.R.*, ordained 1924, took post-graduate work and degree in the science of Sacred Scripture in Rome. Is now professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wis., while his home is at the Redemptorist Seminary in Oconomowoc, Wis. He is doing an important part in the work of translating the Old Testament of the Bible, which will appear soon to complete the project that issued in the new English version of the New Testament some time ago. He is also the editor of the *Lucid Intervals* page of THE LIGUORIAN and is thereby responsible for the fact that THE LIGUORIAN is often read like a Hebrew book — last page first.

*Thomas T. Tobin, C.Ss.R.*, ordained 1940, is now professor of speculative philosophy at Oconomowoc. His hobby is literature, and he is in full charge of the Book Lovers' Department of THE LIGUORIAN. He has broadened its scope, inaugurating the thumbnail sketches of Catholic authors and the critical survey of current best sellers, besides continuing the reviewing of Catholic books.

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### The Liguorian

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## PLATFORM OF PEACE

"I am the Way"—  
Why seek ye peace  
All the livelong day  
In the brief caprice  
Of hate and might  
And a dream of clay?  
Out of your plight  
I am the Way.

"I am the Truth"  
To set you free  
From the grim unruth  
Of tyranny.  
I am release  
From the slavery  
That knows no peace  
As it knows not Me.

"I am the Life"  
Of your untold dead  
And the end of strife  
For those that bled.  
I am the peace  
You dream of ever—  
Without Me—cease—  
You will find it—never.

—D. F. Miller.



## THE FOUR FREEDOMS OF PEACE

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For many years the Popes have been promoting the "four freedoms." Pope Pius XII is only the latest who has made their meaning clear.

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R. J. MILLER

NORMAN ROCKWELL, the artist, has made the "four freedoms" familiar to millions of Americans with his four graphic and touching illustrations, which first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and now decorate the show windows of countless stores and the entries of many public buildings in the United States. It was President Roosevelt himself who first spoke of them as "the four freedoms" in his address to Congress on January 6, 1941.

In December, 1942, however, there appeared what may be taken as an explanation and amplification of the four freedoms, although it called them not freedoms but "fundamental personal rights." It was issued by none other than Pope Pius XII in his Christmas Message of 1942, and may be styled the Church's official declaration of the rights of man.

The reading of this official Catholic stand on human freedom and personal rights surely was nothing to bring comfort and support to Hitler or Mussolini—or Stalin either, for that matter. But it goes so far in the direction of individual freedom that beyond a doubt it will prove a scandal and a disturbing experience even for certain vociferous champions of a few limited kinds of freedom in the United States, such as the National Association of Manufacturers with their beautiful but false "freedom of enterprise."

President Roosevelt spoke of four freedoms; Pius XII speaks of seven, or even eleven, depending on how one analyzes his statements. Reading these statements carefully, one can hardly help feeling that the Pope had "the four freedoms" in mind as he wrote.

President Roosevelt's four freedoms are:

*Freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want, and freedom from fear.*

Pius XII's statement is:

"He who would have the star of peace shine out and stand over society" (i.e., the leaders especially in post-war reconstruction) "... should uphold respect for and the practical realization of the following fundamental personal rights: the right to maintain and develop one's

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corporal, intellectual, and moral life, and especially the right to religious formation and education; the right to worship God in private and public and to carry on religious works of charity; the right to marry and to achieve the aim of married life; the right to conjugal and domestic life; the right to work as the indispensable means towards the maintenance of family life; the right to free choice of a state in life, and hence, too, of the priesthood or religious life; the right to the use of material goods, in keeping with one's duties and social limitations."

Now compare the first of the four freedoms: *freedom of speech*, with the first of the fundamental personal rights: *the right to maintain and develop one's corporal, intellectual, and moral life, and especially the right to religious formation and education*.

At first sight it seems that the Pope makes no mention whatever of freedom of speech; what he calls for is not freedom to *speak*, but freedom to *hear*, freedom to *get the truth*; something that might be called "freedom of speech in reverse."

But to get right down to it, is not that what we Americans are coming nowadays to understand even by freedom of speech?

**W**HENEVER the newspapers sense an attack on their cherished "freedom of speech" (such as it is in a modern newspaper, with the limitations imposed on its freedom by the political views of its wealthy owner or its large advertisers), the response is: the people have a right to the news! And when the government is not so prompt or so compliant in putting out war news as traveling reporters might desire, again the cry is: the people have a right to know the whole truth!

Is not this "freedom of speech in reverse?"

Yes, thank God, it is. We have come to recognize, at least to some extent, that there is a very definite limitation on what a person may say; that people and even governments have no real right to lie, to misrepresent, to mislead; that the fundamental personal right involved in "freedom of speech" is not a right to say anything you please, whether true or false, good or bad, but the right of others to get the *truth*.

And that is exactly what the Pope means by the phrase: "the right to develop and maintain one's . . . *intellectual life*"; i.e., the right to have the mind or intellect fed with the good food of truth, not the poison of lying and evil.

As is evident, and as the Pope expressly states, this right applies especially in the field of education. Children and all students, young and old, have a right to the *truth* in the classroom; and it is a violation of

this right for a teacher or professor, whether in the high sounding name of academic freedom or anything else, to feed them falsehood or evil, such as atheism, immorality, or contempt for their native country.

In short, freedom of speech understood in the proper sense, as explained by the Pope, may be defined as follows: *The right to speak one's mind as one pleases, within the limits of universal truth and the common good.*

THE second freedom — freedom of religion — coincides with the second fundamental personal right laid down by the Pope — the right to worship God in private and public. The Pope adds, however, "and to carry on religious works of charity," evidently having in mind the limitations placed on such liberty in the field of charitable activity by the Nazis in Germany. The connection between works of charity and the worship of God is also clear enough: the love of God is the first and greatest commandment, but "the second is like to this: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Pope then enumerates several fundamental personal rights which correspond to freedom from fear: the right to marry, the right to family life, the right to work, and the right to choose one's own state in life, including the priesthood or religious state.

In Nazi Germany the right to marry is overclouded by the fear of sterilization laws; family life is threatened by the fear of the Gestapo and the concentration camps (this is true also of the secret police and the concentration camps in Soviet Russia); the right to work is threatened in Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia by the fear of the religious or irreligious tests required by the government from working people and job-hunters; the choosing of a state in life, especially the priesthood or the religious state, is haunted by government hostility. The Pope surely had all this in mind in laying down these fundamental personal rights.

But on a wider scale, married life and the achievement of its purpose are beset with fear wherever in the modern world divorce is frequent and easy; in such places, married people, especially non-Catholics, cannot escape the lurking fear that some day it may strike into their own homes. When economic conditions are oppressive, too, married people cannot help having fear if they look forward to raising a normal family, or as the Pope says, if they wish to "achieve the aim of married life." The

fear of unemployment in such circumstances also overshadows the right to work. And lack of means is often a source of worry and fear to young people wishing to get married or to follow a priestly or religious vocation.

It may be asked: has the Pope, after thus pointing out and condemning the evil, made any constructive and positive suggestions as to how it is to be remedied? And the answer is to be found in explicit form in the Pope's paper "Osservatore Romano" which carried a commentary on this part of the Christmas Message with the following positive suggestions as remedies or safeguards against these fears: the abolition of legislation favoring divorce; tax exemption on a sliding scale according to the needs of families; generous social insurance, and other similar public measures.

THE fourth freedom — freedom from want — has its corresponding fundamental personal right as given by the Pope: "the right to the use of material goods, in keeping with one's duties and social limitations;" i.e., the use of material things as one needs them, but to be obtained by labor or other honest means in keeping with the limitations imposed by the fact that all people in human society have similar needs.

Such is a brief comparison between the four freedoms and the official Catholic statement of the rights of man. Many points besides those treated are to be found in the Pope's statement by a careful reader. But the object of this particular reading has been merely to bring out the parallel that does exist between the Pope's statement and President Roosevelt's four freedoms, and to show the thoroughly sound and realistic character of the Catholic stand.

### *Do Catholic Converts Regret?*

I can only say, if it is necessary to say it, that from the moment I became a Catholic, I have never had, through God's grace, a single doubt or misgiving on my mind that I did wrong in becoming one. I have not had any feeling but one of joy and gratitude that God called me out of an insecure state into one which is sure and safe, out of the war of tongues into the realms of peace and assurance. I shrink to contemplate the guilt I should have incurred and the account which at the last day would have lain against me had I not become a Catholic; and it pierces me to the heart to think that so many excellent persons should be kept in bondage . . . and should, among the many good points they have, want the great grace of faith, to trust God and follow His leadings. — *Cardinal Newman.*

## FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER

*Complaint:* Can you give me any advice as to how a husband might get along better with his mother-in-law? Ours is the unfortunate situation in which my wife's mother has no place to live except with us. But she insists on making an issue out of certain things in our home that I know my wife, left to herself, would never bother about at all. She is constantly creating little suspicions in my wife's mind; or urging her to correct me in little things like the way I wear my clothes, or the way I talk, or the manner in which I use my spare time. They are all little things, but they get on my nerves horribly. And it is causing my wife to drift away from me.

*Solution:* You are only one more test case in proof of the fact that when a couple gets married, they should sever themselves from in-laws once and for all, if, saving necessary charity, that be possible. While it is true that there are many cases in which charity demands that an exception to this rule be made, nevertheless there are other cases in which charity would be better served all around if some other arrangement than having an in-law in the same home were made.

When nothing can be done except to offer the home to an in-law, we believe that all the parties concerned should get together and come to an understanding and agreement as to the conditions under which they will live in peace together. This should be done at the very outset, before the least unpleasantness is even foreseen. Husband and wife should agree to talk to the mother-in-law in the following spirit: "We are glad to be able to offer you our home. But it has to remain our home, and not be spoiled by interference and meddling. God Himself said that a wife should leave mother and father and cleave to her husband. If her mother remains with her, it should be on one indispensable condition, that she say and do nothing that will in the slightest way mar the relationship between husband and wife." If a mother-in-law arouses suspicions in her daughter's mind, if she interferes with her right to run her own home, if she nags and complains and makes unreasonable demands, then the best thing to do is to rent an apartment for her and let her live alone. After marriage, a wife's first duty is to her husband, not to her mother. There are many mothers-in-law living with their children who recognize these truths and follow them strictly. If they do not, however, they should not be permitted to destroy homes.

## IN FAINT PRAISE OF ALTAR BOYS

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"True and gracious mark of a Catholic country, the altar-boys were restless and distracted at their office. . . ." — *Hilaire Belloc*.

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J. J. GALVIN

THERE are many turns of English phrase completely idiomatic to those of the Catholic belief . . . combinations of simple English words that to the non-Catholic make no sense at all! For an instance: the common question: "Is anyone *hearing* this afternoon?" or "Who was it, *said the seven* this morning?" There are scores of such innocent phrases packed with meaning for the initiate, and proving that as Catholics we do not speak the same language as do our countrymen. But there is one such phrase in particular that keeps me ever fascinated, because of its delicious naiveté, its bewildering hyperbole: the expression "on the Altar"!

"Isn't that your Willie *on the altar* these mornings, Mrs. Wycliffe?" It ingenuously suggests that little Willie, who peddles papers in the afternoons, and breaks windows in his spare-time, has by some incredible *ex cathedra* been sainted in this vale of tears, so that for all his freckles and dusty corduroy, and the lilac in his cap and the jack-knife and marbles in his noisy pockets, he stands among tulips and tall candles in a marble niche above the spotless linen of the High Altar. Of course the truth is that "on the altar" simply means that little Willie Wycliffe is an altar boy; that he has been chosen by the Pastor or the Sister in school to serve at Mass.

The Spanish word for Altar Boy is another delightful deception: *Monaguillo*, which means a "little monk!" For at least in Puerto Rico the little lads who serve at Mass, far from being miniature monks, are incorrigibly prone to all manner of monkeyshine! And the same must be true for many countries of Europe, for on the word of that jovial traveller and full fibered Christian man, Hilaire Belloc, altar boys are "the true and gracious mark of a Catholic country" for in all his hikes and journeys, wherever he dropped in to attend his morning Mass, whether old cathedral town or mountain hamlet, he usually found them "restless and distracted at their office."

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It is a loss to Christian literature that Belloc did not devote more than that terse observation to the subject. It is a shame he did not write a chapter, a whole essay, or an entire book on the intriguing topic of the Altar Boy. For altar boys are richly endowed with all the magic attributes of poetry and art. They are a universal institution, for wherever there is a Catholic Church, as surely as Mass is offered, there will be little lads on hand in cassock and surplice. There is a flimsy aureole of glamor about them. They are chock-full of human interest. And what is more, they have a sublime function in the mystical economy of the Liturgy. Of course they have their faults too; but tell me, what little son of Adam hasn't? Even archbishops and mitred abbesses are not perfect! Even His Holiness has a confessor of his own!

**A**LTA R Boys have been accused of many pranks and failings . . . and many may be true. It has been said for instance that they sometimes sleep in their laundered surplices . . . and even snore during Vespers; that they play tag during the sermon, and wrestle each other to kindle the charcoal for Benediction. Sacristans have reported them for spilling hot wax on the carpets and conning Comic-books in the sacristy . . . but sacristans are cranky folk anyhow and are always finding fault! Sometimes old ladies say that they rubber-neck during Mass, and tiddle the left-over wine in the cruets: but I seldom believe them. I call to mind an ancient saw: that it is not the cowl that maketh the monk . . . nor a surplice, a saint or an acolyte! Strange how a naughty Altar Boy can circumflex our eyebrows, almost like finding a nun playing poker; like catching a Cardinal lapping a lollypop!

Mischief they do, but they have many virtues. What other school-boy is there who is out of bed before his mother; who is up and dressed and out of the house before his father leaves for work? Who other than the little Altar Boy who serves the six o'clock Mass! In the summer he is up before the sun and the sparrows; and in winter-time he crawls from his warm feather comforter with the whistling sleet clawing at his bedroom window, and the air piercing cold. And he goes out into the bleak dark streets, greeting the milkman at the corner, sniffing the crisp warm odors of fresh rolls and doughnuts from the ovens of every bake-shop. He runs all the way to church, perhaps out of fear, but more probably to keep his blood from freezing in his toes; and when he pushes in the heavy door of the sacristy, he can see his own breath. Sometimes



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of course his alarm clock may play him false, and he slumbers on till school-time. Sometimes too, though the clock keeps its startling promise, the Devil, who despises Altar Boys, throws a fist of poppy-seeds in his drowsy face and makes him yawn and turn over . . . but that is the Devil's fault, and not his.

And as for Latin! Tell me what other little lad in the sixth or seventh grade can talk the solemn language of the Pope? Perhaps they can parse a sentence like sixty; or tell you the principal products of Yucatan, but they could never repeat the "Suscipiat," if you gave them the whole Sunday collection, not in a million years! Only Altar Boys can do that. And they can say "Kyrie eleison" too, which is even harder, being Greek!

Then they know to a nicety when to lay their padded hammer on the chimes at the Sanctus, and everyone kneels; and when to warn the people that it is time for the Consecration, and the whole church listens; and later they give the signal for Communion-time.

They transfer the big red book with the gold edges and the colored strings; and you sometimes wonder how they do. For their eyes just barely peep over the altar-cloth, and the missal as big as themselves! But somehow they manage to set the book-stand and missal in position for the Gospel without a major mishap. Of course now and then they may suffer a minor contretemps, such as tripping or spilling the missal or tobogganing headlong down the altar-steps; but they speedily gather composure and bow for the Gospel and answer the prayer albeit with a grinning bump on their foreheads, and all out of breath.

And before you know it you see them presenting wine to the priest and water, and the ewer and towel; and later the priest lets them pour the wine into his jeweled chalice themselves. Now many of them have their own notions as to just how much wine the priest should take, and look chagrined when he curbs their generosity, eyeing the cruet with a scornful, withering squint. But that I suppose is their privilege to think that wine should be drained to the last red drop.

**S**TILL Altar Boys do not learn Latin, and how to ring chimes, and when to move the missal and bring up the wine, by sheer intuition. They must have rehearsals. And rehearsals mean that they cannot ski or play Scrub or water their victory gardens. So you might call this another of their virtues: that they freely forego an afternoon or two in



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the week to master the fine-points of Ritual. And for a little lad who likes to fly kites and climb lamp-posts, it is not easy at all. It is not easy either to scour back of their ears, and brush their hair after supper, and race up to serve Sunday Vespers, or Benediction for the Holy Name. Oh, Altar Boys have to do many virtuous things that nobody bothers about.

But they have their compensations too! Funerals, for example, when in order to serve, they sometimes escape a Spelling-bee or a Test in fractions and are free from school for almost sixty minutes. And weddings! where they hold the ring in a silver platter, and hear the Bride whisper her trembling "I do." . . . and afterwards stare the Best Man into yielding up a large piece of silver or a crisp dollar bill. And if they can maneuver into the good graces of the Sacristan: if they faithfully help him to fill the cruets and lay out vestments and serve three or four Masses in a single morning, who knows he may give them a nickel for ice cream or a fresh wedge of pie from the Priest's house, or a ticket for the ball game. You never can tell, being an Altar Boy!

If one likes to be worshipped with envy and meek admiration (and what little boy does not?) then the Altar Boy has more than his wish. For little girls follow him breathlessly with wide blue ravenous eyes as he minces and marches and bows during High Mass. They dote on his glamorous wardrobe: his cassocks of white serge and cardinal red and imperial violet, and his surplice like a bride's veil, and his satin capes to match the color of the Mass. Many little girls wish in their secret hearts that they were boys just to parade such beautiful raiment.

And his school-fellows envy him too. For ringing those teasing snatches of music on the chimes, and for leading processions with candles and cross; but especially for swinging the golden censer, and knowing the guarded mystery of incense, that magical trick of producing a great cloud of sweet-smelling smoke with seemingly nothing but a pass of the hand. The hardest-boiled bully from down by the gas-house would give anything to be able to do it. So you see the Altar Boy has plenty of compensations.

The age-limit for Altar Boys is generously elastic. You might safely place it as between the ages of seven and fifty nine complete, a good span of serviceable years. But there are exceptions: for I know of a man in Guayaquil who has worn a surplice for the past seventy three summers; and in Montefiascone they tell me there is an Altar

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Boy who remembers Michaelangelo!! Be that as it may, the common garden variety of acolyte ranges between seven and seventeen; and of these there are three classes depending on their length of time on the altar. For brevity let us call them the Green Horn, the Big Shot and the Old Timer. It is a captivating pastime to watch the shy and blundering Green Horn's development into the cock-sure blustering Big Shot. It is a process that takes about twelve months . . . but patience! we are outstripping ourselves.

WHEN a youngster is first made an Altar Boy he is thoroughly awed by the sacred nature of his office. He walks with folded hands and downcast eyes and never opens his lips. He seems half afraid to be so near the Sacred Host. He feels almost like Moses coming down from Sinai, like St. Joseph beside the crib! But to the sacristan he is more like the ox or the ass. He is usually too small for his cassock and trips and stumbles incessantly. His surplice slips down like a straight-jacket over his shoulder. He never quite knows what to do. He shatters cruets, stubs his toes on the altar-chimes, and couches his Latin midway between a squeak and a whisper. He lives in one long dither of terrified worry, in a trembling dread of serving alone. With the best of holy intentions he seems to stir up pandemonium. He brings up wine when it's time for the Gospel; and unless the priest is alert he may suddenly shuttle the missal from under his hand. And the chimes! When he rings them, they sound like a clatter of egg-beaters, and he rings them whenever the spirit moves. It is a galling, embarrassing, heart-rending, dreadful apprenticeship; but it passes like everything else!

Next comes the Big Shot era. Many Altar Boys skip this stage completely; but the majority of them pass through it for at least a time. If you walk into any sacristy you can instantly single them out from their fellows by their breezy devil-may-care demeanor. They seem to meet your casual glance with a curt *So what?* in the eyes! The fidgety jitters have vanished. Their cassocks now reach to their ankles; and all the short cuts and fine points of serving they know. They could serve Mass in their sleep . . . and often do!

When the coast is clear they lounge in their cassocks, and twiddle their thumbs, barking orders at the smaller lads. They browbeat the Greenhorns into serving all the extra Masses. When charcoal is needed, only they can light it, spraying sparks into everyone's face. Thurifer at

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Benediction: that too is their right; and they swing the censer like a flying pendulum. When the hour of Angelus strikes, guess who it is rings the bell?

Every priest in the parish is rated as fast or slow; and should one of the latter be vesting for Mass, presto! they are out of their cassocks and nowhere to be found. And when they do serve, they muster a jaunty how-am-I-doing appearance that gives you ulcers to watch. They utter the Latin in war-whoops. They handle the chimes with the modesty of a carnival drum major; and at intervals filch sidelong peeps at the pews to be sure of their public. I wonder was little Dolphi Schickelgruber ever an Altar Boy?

Of course lads of this ilk of acolyte do not all turn out to be Hitlers. I do not mean that. They really are not bad at heart. They are just boys, and boys at that certain age. And the pastor has never threatened to paddle them roundly; and their mothers are not around. And well for their skin that she isn't!

SO MUCH for the Big Shot! And lastly come the Old Timers, the Altar Boys of high school age. These are trim as new candles and very clean. They sit sedately in the sacristy on a Sunday morning filing their nails as they wait for the 10:30 Mass. They walk with a noiseless unassuming gait into the sanctuary. They bow with genuine liturgical courtesy. They answer the Latin in clear soft-spoken syllables. And between-whiles they pace the priest with a small pocket missal of their own. There is a stately reverence, a quiet unobtrusive dignity about them. They seem to sense the yawning mystery before them: their privilege to share so fully in the clean oblation of Christ the Priest.

But whether they sense it or not, acolytes are creatures apart. There was a time when they even bore the Blessed Sacrament from Mass, hung in little silken bags about their necks, as did Tarcisius through the streets of Rome. By right they should be consecrated clerics, for the order of acolyte is the highest of the Minor Orders in the Church. No woman, no matter who she be: a queen of Spain, a sister of His Holiness, even a Mother Superior, can ever usurp the glory of the Altar Boy: True, she may answer the prayers, and tinkle the bell, when the Altar Boy is absent; but she may not enter the sanctuary. She may not mount the altar, and pour the wine and change the book. She must stay outside in the pews.

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So important is this little surpliced jumping-jack, that Canon Law forbids the priest to start the Mass without him. Because the Mass can never be a private devotion that priests can say alone, but always and ever a public act of solemn worship offered in unison by the universal Church. That is why it does not matter if the pews be dark and empty, as they often are on weekdays at the early Masses . . . it does not matter so long as the acolyte is kneeling at the altar-step. For he is the substitute and symbol of the towering universal Catholic Church.

In this unruly scatterbrain with the itching dust of dreams still sticky on his eye-lids, the sacrosanct Catholic Church is concentrated for the space of half an hour. Pius the twelfth is here, and cardinals in gorgeous cappa magna, and mitred bishops with rings of blazing emeralds, and nuns with clicking beads, and rough-shod monks! The whole work-a-day world is here in the person of this tousled acolyte' farmers at their ploughs, and pilots in their planes; miners with soiled coats and lighted caps, and surgeons in spotless smocks and rubber gloves; mothers warming breakfast for their children, and children tagging schoolwards, and babies chuckling in egg-stained bibs. The entire Mystical Christ is here at the altar in unsuspected miniature.

And when the church is crowded on a busy Sunday morning, it is still the Altar Boy who answers for the silent congregation in the creaking pews. For be it said in shame that people have come to think that the Mass is something they must come to and watch under penalty of sin, but take no active part in, as though it were a pageant or an opera. All by himself the Altar Boy brings up gifts of wine in the name of the unwitting Christian people. And when the priest turns round to beg them pray that his sacrifice and theirs be acceptable to Heaven, who knows they may be lost in long novenas for their soldier boy in Sicily, and pay the priest no heed at all. But the Altar Boy pipes up a prayer in their common stead. He answers the *Suscipiat*.

**S**UCH is the mystical function of the Altar Boy: to substitute for all the living sons of Adam on whom water and the Holy Ghost have wrought their shining miracle; to be for a fleeting thirty minutes the Bride without spot or wrinkle, the City of the sparkling streets and golden spires that St. John beheld on Patmos . . . the dazzling, ineffable creature that is The Church!

And so it strikes me as passing strange that Altar Boys do not figure

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more prominently in the Christian Arts. Musicians have been inspired to towering melody by the March of the pagan priests, and by meditations in a convent garden. They have never to my knowledge been stirred to forge a single chord of music entitled the Procession of the Acolytes — or a sacristy sonata! I wonder was Pieter Ilych Tchaikovsky ever an Altar Boy?

The great painters too have passed them by. Still Leonardo with his busy pencils must have spied their possibilities. Surely there must be a pad of his rapid sketches somewhere in Florence, done perhaps in the great duomo while Savonarola thundered from his pulpit: acolytes with the heads of angels and the seven imps of mischief twinkling in their eyes! Or Murillo of Seville. He if anyone could have wedded in immortal colors their teasing paradox of ecstasy and monkey-shines: sliding down a sacristy balustrade, their cassocks flying like bat-wings behind them; wrestling to swing on the bell-ropes at the hour of the Angelus. But Murillo of Seville never did! The only ones who squeeze their tubes and spread their colors in praise of Altar Boys are the calendar artists; but their motive is purely mercenary: to sell more beeswax candles, and nothing more.

The quill drivers at least give them mention. Belloc flips them the tribute of a sentence in his "Path to Rome." Agnes Repplier remembers in her "Convent Days" how a whole school of smocks and pig-tails once fell desperately in love with mysterious dark-eyed Marianus who served the convent Mass. Then someone or other tells a fetching yarn of a lad who suddenly vanished until his testy pastor confessed that he had bashed his skull in with a candlestick for mispronouncing the Confiteor. Someone else, I suspect it was Leonard Feeney, once made a whole rhyme in their undivided praise; but his essay on the little Parisian gamin who served the Convent of Little Slipper Street is the longest, most charming, and the best of all. It is pure praise of the Altar Boy. Poor little Peter whose complexion matched the color of butterbeans, and who walked as though he were riding a bicycle — Pierre de Petite Pantouffle. But there should be more . . . many more than these.

Some day a learned Doctor of Philosophy will take pen in hand and write a thesis on "The Acolyte in Art and Literature." When it is published be sure to read it, for it will be a priceless document. Meanwhile let this be by way of ever so delicate suggestion to the groping doctoran-

dus, a subtly given fillip to the dreaming poet, a gentle innuendo to the artist and the writer to stir their brush and pen in faint praise of Altar Boys.

### How Strong Are You?

Richard L. Rooney, S.J., in *The Faculty Advisor*, lists some apt questions as a test of your self-denial:

1. Can you keep back the quick retort, the clever remark?
2. Do you force yourself to speak loudly and distinctly to be heard and understood?
3. If you smoke, can you go for a day now and then without a cigarette?
4. Do you take something of everything set before you at table, even though you may not like it?
5. Do you ever put a letter aside for a few minutes before reading it?
6. Can you put your book down in the middle of an exciting part of the story?
7. Do you force yourself to do some thoughtful reading each week?
8. Do you deny yourself your favorite magazine or motion picture once in a while?
9. If you are a girl, can you go for a day without lipstick or nail polish?
10. Do you stay that one minute longer when you want to shorten your prayers?
11. Can you force yourself to be kind to someone you dislike?
12. Have you put yourself out today to do something which you did not have to do?

If to more than six of these questions you must answer no, then your self-denial is somewhat below par.

### Phonetic "Our Fathers"

Sincerity, and not literalness, is what makes the prayers of eight-year-olds pleasing to God, at least if the eight-year-olds of Newcastle, England, are to be taken as a cross-section of their contemporaries. Asked to write out the Lord's Prayer, some interesting variations appeared:

"Harold be thy name," was the commonest error. One tot wrote: "Give us this day our jelly bread." A number thought this was right: "Lead us not into Thames Station." One little girl thought it should be "Forgive us our Christmasses," and concluded her version with the British slogan: "Forever endeavor, Our Men."

## THE CASE OF THE DYING CHILD

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Another story of the miracle-working Father Jackson, showing that there are many kinds of miracles, the least of which, sometimes, are those of healing.

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D. F. MILLER

1.

"IN CASES of this kind," the doctor was saying, "we are helpless. We cannot operate, because the child's weak heart is complicated by advanced anemia. An operation is the only hope when there is an intestinal obstruction that has already developed into peritonitis. But there is no surgeon in the world who would operate on this child. I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry. I can do nothing."

The child, about seven years old, lay moaning in delirium on the bed. The eyes had the special brightness that comes with fever; the anemic little face had only the suggestion of pink near the cheek-bones; the curly hair was damp with perspiration. The mother knelt by the bed, controlling her tears only sufficiently to whisper comforting words to the pain-racked little girl and to wipe away the perspiration that continually gathered on her forehead. The father stood before the doctor, taking in his words. He tried to remonstrate, to tell him he must be wrong. For a moment it looked as if he would lose control of himself and do violence to the physician. Then he dropped his head and turned away, from doctor and wife and dying child. In the moment of silence, the whispers of several children could be heard outside the room. Then Father Jackson walked in.

"Good evening," he said, in his usual abstracted manner. The collar of his once black, now faintly green, coat was half turned up, but his almost white hair, untrimmed for some time, all but covered it. He greeted the doctor, backing away shyly as he did so. He stepped over to the bed, and the mother rose to her feet and stood at one side of him while the father came and stood at the other. Both had turned pleading eyes upon him.

The old priest smiled down at the child. "Now we'll pray," he said to the mother and father. They knelt, one on each side of him. He took out the worn little ritual he always carried, and suddenly he seemed



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transformed as he said the prayers in a warm, low, conversational tone. When finally he closed the book, he sat down on the side of the bed and took the child's hand in his own.

"Now, what would you like?" he said to the child. "I think I have some candy here somewhere." He fumbled about in various pockets.

The doctor, who had remained standing in the background, strode suddenly forward.

"You can't give that child candy," he said. "She's—" The old priest turned his head upward and looked owlishly into the face of the doctor.

"But that's what she wants," he said. "Look, she's waiting for it."

The doctor looked at the little girl. Her face had cleared of all signs of fever. Her lips were smiling, and her eyes followed the priest's hand as it went roaming about through his pockets. Finally it came out with a huge candy bar that should have been impossible to conceal. The girl took it from him and began to unwrap the paper around it. The doctor hastily bent over and made an examination even while the child was biting into the candy. He rose to his feet.

"She's well," he said excitedly. "There's no sign of peritonitis or fever. And look at the natural color in the cheeks—impossible for an anemic patient. I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it. I wouldn't—" he turned to look at the priest.

But Father Jackson had already gone.

### 2.

THE first assistant of St. Luke's parish smiled graciously at the three callers at the rectory, but his face lost nothing of its firmness.

"For the third time," he said, "I tell you that I will not call Father Jackson. He is either resting or saying his prayers, and in either case, must not be disturbed."

"But," said the grave looking physician, "these people are willing to pay him handsomely if only he will come and look at their child. They will do anything he asks. Money is no object."

The curate looked pained. "Father Jackson is not interested in money. And I am sure that if I were to repeat your words to him, he would refuse to have any dealings with you whatsoever."

The second man in the group spoke. "Please pardon us, Father, for putting a mercenary angle on this. But please, please do something for



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us. I am the child's father. My boy is dying. His mother is losing her mind. We have two nurses watching her right now for fear of what will happen to her if — if — the child dies. Our own physician, Dr. Jones here, has done everything he can and gives us no hope. But Dr. Black, whom we called in, tells us that he saw Father Jackson do what no doctor could do yesterday. He did it for one child, why wouldn't he be willing to do it for another? It's my son, my boy I'm pleading for." The father broke into unashamed tears.

"But," said the young priest, evidently weakening, "You must see —"

His words were cut short by the appearance of Father Jackson himself, who, apparently on his way from the church, had to pass the three men standing at the door. Though they had never seen him, they instinctively recognized him, and all began appealing to him at once.

The old priest stood listening wearily. When the pleading died down, he looked fixedly into the face of the father. "I will come," he said. "But did you not want to make your confession first?" he added, a little wistfully.

"There is no time," said the father, hurriedly. "I must get back. There is no time."

"There is no time with God," said Father Jackson, and then walked away to put on his street clothes.

THE luxurious car pulled up before a palatial home. The three men and the priest entered the house. They encountered a maid busying herself in one of the vast downstairs rooms, and the father asked anxiously:

"Is there any news? Any change? How is Tommy?"

"Just the same, sir," answered the maid, with sympathetic respect.

The four men climbed the stairs to the sick room. Tommy lay in a beautiful bed with silken coverlets. His mother, in a flowing lounge robe, sat beside him, her face distorted with weeping. A nurse sat across from her, beside a table with an array of medications and medical accessories. A second nurse stood at the foot of the bed. Everything that money could purchase was there. But it was evident that Tommy was dying. The walls of his room were covered with painted antelope leaping over brooks, standing watch on crags, feeding in meadows. They were symbols of vibrant life, but Tommy was dying.

Father Jackson looked bashfully and dazedly around the room. It

seemed to be filled with people. Then he stood by the bed and looked down at Tommy.

The mother rose and stood beside him. "Thank God," she said to the three men, "Thank God you brought him." Then she turned to Father Jackson. "We've been waiting so long," she said. "It seemed ages and ages. You are the only one who can help us."

"No, no," Father Jackson answered nervously. "Any priest could have helped you."

"But they didn't," said the mother. "Father Smith has been here, and Father O'Brien, and Father Paul from the monastery. They couldn't do a thing. We needed you."

"You needed God," said the priest, turning his back on the bed and the dying child. Suddenly he did not seem old any more, but young and vigorous and certain. "Any priest could have brought Him to you. What do you expect me to do?"

"We want you to cure our boy," said the mother with plaintive appeal. "He is our only child. Don't let him be taken from us."

"I can't cure anybody," said Father Jackson, almost petulantly. "Only God can do that. And God isn't here. He hasn't been here for a long time."

A sudden and painful silence fell on the room. Nurses and doctors moved uneasily in their places. The mother's voice seemed to freeze on the intake of a sob. The father took one step forward toward the priest and then stopped. Father Jackson continued.

"Don't you see? God isn't here. You drove him out long ago. You didn't want Him. You wanted all this" — he waved his hand vaguely about him to embrace the house and all its furnishings — "all this splendor for this one little lad, when you could have divided it up among many children whom God wanted to send you. You have doctors and nurses and servants and friends, but where are your children? You sold them for the animals that are painted on these walls, for the silken coverlet that cannot warm a dead boy's body, for the money that brought all these people here. God gives life to those who love Him. You did not love God and you thrust the lives He gave away. Only God can heal and cure. But God is not here."

This time the father did not stay his steps. He strode in front of the priest and anger supplanted apprehension and grief in his features as he shouted: "How dare you insult us in our own home? How dare

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you intimate, in front of all these people, that we have done anything wrong? How dare you say that we who have gone to church, who have given generously of our wealth, who have supported priests, who have boasted of our faith, are to be condemned?"

The old priest looked straight into the eyes of the powerfully-built, middle-aged man who towered over him. There was iron and steel in his voice as he answered: "I dare it in the name of Him Whom you are asking to work a miracle. I am nothing. Or rather, I am only a sinner and an old fool. You may do whatever you please to me. But it is different with Him. You have boasted of your faith and given of your money, but you have done what you pleased to Him. Now do you ask Him for favors? For miracles? Rather get down on your knees and beat your breast and take your sorrow in penance and atonement."

The father's face was white with rage. "Whoever suggested bringing this imposter —"

Father Jackson's upraised hand stopped him. There was a hysterical cry from the mother, who flung herself down at the side of the bed. The priest turned and sat down beside the boy, who was thrashing about wildly, gasping for his last breath. He took the two little hands in his own and spoke softly.

"Don't be afraid, little child of God. You are almost out of danger now. You were in danger so long. But God is good to children. He wants you for Himself. He wants you unspoiled and unharmed. Even now He is looking for you in His home. You must be glad, and ready."

All the thrashing about had ceased. The boy's face was suddenly transformed. He looked into the eyes of the priest, as normal in appearance as a child listening to an instruction in school. A tense quiet had fallen upon the room. Even the half pagan doctors watched the scene expectantly. Then they saw the boy reach out and take the crucifix that the priest held in his hands, kiss it, saying reverently, distinctly, consciously: "Jesus, I give you my life for my mother and father. I give you my life that I may see them and love them forever in heaven."

Then he smiled at the priest, as if there were a great secret between them. The smile was still on his lips when, a moment later, they saw that he was dead.

FATHER Jackson stood up, and looked around the room. The mother and father of Tommy were both on their knees, there heads buried


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in the coverlet over the body of their boy. Almost in a whisper, the priest said:

"You still need a priest. You still need a miracle. Any priest can work the miracle you need."

Then he walked heavily from the room.

### ONE ROAD TO ROME



There is an interesting story connected with the conversion to the Catholic Church of Sir F. C. Burnand, famous editor of *Punch* in England. Burnand was an Anglican, and had never given religion much thought, accepting things as he found them. One day while prowling about a second-hand bookstore in London in search of material for his magazine, he came across a copy of the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, and bought it, not for any religious purpose, but merely because he thought it might yield him some apt quotations. Shortly afterwards an Anglican bishop called upon him at his home, and, seeing the book lying on his desk, concluded at once that Burnand was on the way to Rome, as there had been a large number of conversions taking place at that time. "My dear Burnand," said the bishop, solemnly, "have you carefully considered the step you are about to take? The humorist was taken aback at first, but then he thought the bishop was referring to some projected irreverent use of St. Augustine in *Punch*, and he replied: "I have considered it quite carefully." "Well," said the bishop, "come to me tomorrow and I will show you the reasons against it." Burnand went to see the bishop and was surprised to hear him launch into a full defense of the Anglican position. He listened respectfully, and the bishop finally said: "Now I will show you how weak the Roman position is." "Oh, pardon me," interrupted Burnand, "but don't you think that Cardinal Newman would be the best man to go to for the Roman position? You have interested me deeply in a subject to which, I must confess, I had never given any thought. It is a most important matter, as I see from your words, and I do not think it would be fair to myself or to a subject so vital to decide at once about it. I will take up the Roman side with Cardinal Newman." It was not long afterwards that Burnand joined the Catholic Church.

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near the doors. Adults sway from side to side as their feet bear the burden of their bodies, and while the train goes hooting and swinging around turns and through tunnels. For the country's sake the inconvenience of crowded coaches is bravely borne by all who have the tiniest fragment of brain.

But even though the inconvenience is bravely borne, most adults wish longingly for peace when they have to make many miles on their feet. The smile on their face is forced. The lilt in their voice is a stage lilt. Their hilarity is a little bit on the hysterical side. And to use all the means that they have at their disposal to make the stand as easy as possible, they stand in one place. They anchor their feet to the floor and remain anchored until port is reached. Then painfully they gather their luggage and seek out a cab to bring them home. All this is not true of the soldiers, or of any men in the service who are travelling on trains. Like the children's crusade they barge up and down the cars, excusing themselves to those on whose toes they step, having a kind word for lonely and lovely young ladies who are on their way to New York and San Francisco to see the scenery, and being merry all the time, even breaking into song as the occasion may demand.


WHERE are the soldiers going as they make their way through the coaches? Another unanswerable question. They do not stop at the water jar as the little ones do every time they see a paper cup indicating the proximity of water and the sharpness of their thirst. They do not ferret out friends who are lost in the mazes of roomettes, upper berths and parlor cars. They just keep going, back and forth, back and forth—men in the uniform of the soldier, of the sailor, of the marine; men with the downy faces of youngsters just emerging from the soft embrace of youth and just going into the navy, with the lined and beard-bitten faces of the thirty-year-olds-and-more, with the clean-cut expression of young men in the prime of their young manhood. Back and forth they go, back and forth. It is as good as a position on the curb when the troops go marching by; or a place on the platform when a review is held for the edification of the General. It is a symbol of America on the march—ever forward until the war is over and the boys can come home again. It is a sign that our army is on the move even when our army is at rest. Such an army cannot but reach its ultimate objective.

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The cheeriness of the service men, as they move forward and backward in the train is cheering for all who see and hear it. The soldier's life is not an easy one. It gives no quarter to sore backs or sore feet; it has no time for soft rugs in becurtained rooms or luxurious appointments in places that are made only for sleeping. The ground is good enough to sleep on and the sky is a warm enough covering except for a blanket to help along. Food is for the strengthening of the body and not merely for the tempting of the taste; therefore what is most healthful is consulted rather than what is most palatable. And the rain — why, rain is fresh and clean and soothing, as Katherine Hepburn would say in a gasping whisper, and nobody knows that better than the soldier. For nobody walks more in the rain and sleeps more in the rain and lives more in the rain than the soldier. Eventually he comes to the conclusion that it makes little difference whether the sun is shining or the rain is falling, for he has to be outside anyway. And once he gets good and wet, well, the inconvenience wears off, and he hardly feels the water as it slithers down his spine and drips from his chin. At any rate, when the sun comes out, he'll dry out fast enough. And so he says — keep on marching, soldier, eyes front, head high, rain or no rain, mud or no mud. The war must be won, and it can't be won by men who cannot get along unless they have beauty-rest mattresses and champagne cocktails to make the going easy. The soldier's life is hard, and all soldiers will admit it — unless there is something wrong with them.

**W**ONDER, then, friends, in your goodness, at the cheeriness of your brothers and husbands in arms, who are on their way home on a furlough. They waited for this furlough for months. They dreamed of it, they talked of it, they thought of it constantly. Everything that they would do was planned long ahead of time. And even the train ride took on a certain glamor that train rides never had before. Finally, the time for the furlough came, and now they're on the way home.

They stood in line for hours trying to get a ticket, for many camps are built near small towns. The ticket places are small in the first place; and the clerk selling the tickets is ancient in the second place. But they got the ticket, and mounted the train — and when they mounted the train, they looked and searched, and yet could not find one single vacant seat! Did they get angry? Not at all. They did not even look cross at the comfortable lady across the way occupying two seats, all by herself,



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what with her boxes and her baggage. They said nothing to the business men, so finely dressed, so firmly fastened to the best seats, so deeply engrossed in their poker game. They did not approach the conductor and complain in this manner: "Look here, sir, we're just from the woods. Four solid months in the woods. We had no chance to bathe, no opportunity for recreation, no rest from the bugs and vermin that filled that section of the country. For four solid months. And now we're going home on furlough — our last furlough before we go on a long, long journey. Maybe some of us won't come back. But we're going anyway. And we're going to fight for the folks here at home — for that woman over there eating the oranges and throwing the peelings on the floor, for that old lady there standing up in the aisle near those two young girls — for you, for everybody. Don't you think, then, that we deserve a seat on this train? We're not asking for anything that we did not pay for. But look, you've got our tickets. We paid, with good GI money. Come on, now, dig up a seat for us."

But no, they do not talk that way. They laugh and sing — and make their way up and down the aisles of the train. It's just the same to them even though they have to stand up all the way. They'll get there, and that's the main thing. How they get there is more or less incidental.

When the war is over, somebody with capable powers will write a book or a series of books on the psychological phenomena of soldiers in World War No. II. It is going to be a good book. In the meantime, all we can do is sit back and wonder. Soldiers are ordinary men; yet they do extraordinary things. Long may they live to continue to do what they are doing right now — but only without the horrors of war to haunt them.

### *Peculiarities of Genius*

Thomas Edison was once showing a party of friends over his beautiful summer estate, which was equipped, as one might suppose, with all kinds of labor-saving devices. There was only one thing wrong in the picture, and that was a turnstile so stiff that it required considerable strength to get through it. With great difficulty the guests pushed through, and one of them lost no time in remarking to the inventor: "Mr. Edison, why do you have this awful turnstile, when everything else on your place is so perfect?"

"Ah," replied his host, with a smile, "everybody who pushes that turnstile around pumps eight gallons of water into the tank on my roof."

## **THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN**

### **ON THE BENEFIT OF PAIN**

**L. F. HYLAND**

It is customary for human nature to take a resentful, or at least, a grudgingly tolerant attitude toward physical pain. Pain is looked upon as an enemy in itself; remedies and nostrums are sought and used for the sole purpose of lessening or removing the pain, and many a dollar has been foolishly spent and many a sufferer has been duped by reason of the fact that pain is not recognized for what it truly is.

Pain in any form and in any organ is nature's way of announcing that there is something wrong, something that needs immediate attention. If it were not for pain, there would be no way of knowing, short of actual decay or helplessness, that it was time to set about repairing some damage to the body. If it were not for pain, doctors would be helpless in diagnosing illnesses, deciding on treatment, tracing trouble back to its cause. If it were not for pain, people would be dying mysteriously on every hand, for vital organs would suddenly give out without the least warning before.

Pain is therefore a blessing in disguise, even in the natural order. It is true that it cannot be explained in the supernatural order except in relationship to sin and man's need of atonement; but that truth is not incompatible with the statement that while pain is always atonement, it likewise has natural purposes in the Providence of God. The natural order always blends with the supernatural. The man who sees in pain an opportunity to suffer for his sins and for the sins of others, will be just the one who will recognize it also as a salutary warning that he should take measures to restore health to his body—a warning given by the same God who expects all men to suffer resignedly for their sins.

Be grateful, therefore, for pain. Be thankful that it is the only means of focusing the attention of the science of healing on that part of the body that is ailing. Be mindful of the fact that had it not been for the pain you felt many a time in life, some serious illness might have become fatal before you could be induced to take measures against it.

## ANTICHRIST IN THE BIBLE

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The universal suffering of war always brings up questions about the end of the world. One of the related questions is that pertaining to Antichrist.

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E. A. MANGAN

IT IS rather natural that the age-old questions concerning Antichrist should vex the minds of men again today when the world seems to be undergoing one of those changes which students and writers of history like to call the preludes to an entirely new epoch. This subject has always appeared at such times. And the very fact that it has that intriguing quality of the mysterious recommends it to the inquiring mind of man.

The question of Antichrist however, is not merely one of curious mystery or of interesting speculation. It is a question about which God has spoken and which has occupied the giant minds of St. Paul and St. John. Some of the great saints have spoken and written on the subject. Our Lord never spent his time in treating of subjects that were merely curious. Always he had in mind when speaking or teaching, the immensely important matter of the salvation of the souls of men. This question of Antichrist then is connected with all the other truths Christ taught us. It has something to do with salvation.

### THEOLOGY

If there is anything sure about Antichrist we shall find it in the teaching of Theology. And Theology tells us that Antichrist will exist. However, when we try to get something more definite than that wide statement in the teaching of Theology we seem to be hunting something that is illusive. We search through the manuals of Theology and we find that theologians are not agreed as to whether it can be said with certainty "there will be a *personal* Antichrist."

Some theologians think that it is almost a matter of faith that there will be a certain individual, full of iniquity, called Antichrist. Others say that the proposition is certain, others say that it is only the more common teaching of writers, and still others say that it is a probable opinion and that it is also probable that there will be a collection of antichrists.

The reason for this difference of opinion among the theologians of the present day is that among the Fathers and the Doctors of the Church the same difference of opinion is found. Some of the great champions of the Church thought that there would be only one Antichrist and others held that there would be many. Now if there were a clear teaching in tradition, that is, in the unwritten, living teaching of the Church; in other words, if the Church were certain that Our Lord taught that there was to be only one Antichrist, we should not find this difference of opinion among the theologians of the church today. We must come to the conclusion then that as far as we know there is no clear and precise teaching on this question in our unwritten, oral tradition and that the question resolves itself down to the interpretation of certain Scripture texts that speak of Antichrist. The interpretation of these texts is evidently behind that hesitancy in fixing the note of certainty. Consciously or unconsciously, men in judging this matter are upholding a certain interpretation of the Scriptures.

We shall examine these Scripture passages shortly and see if there is anything certain to be gotten out of them in regard to a personal Antichrist. In ordinary every day parlance among Christians, Antichrist is painted as the magical adversary of Christ, the delegate or the vicar of the devil. In the last days, just before the end of the world, he will rise up against the Church of God. He will seduce a great number of the faithful by his prodigies, which will be close imitations of the miracles of Jesus, the Son of God. Finally he will be overthrown at the second coming of Our Lord at the end of the world. In a way, to talk in this manner, as we talk so often, is to settle the problem before we examine it. Should we talk about one Antichrist or about many antichrists? Let us see if our ordinary manner of speaking corresponds to the reality that seems to be painted for us in the Scriptures which were written by God Himself.

#### SCRIPTURAL PASSAGES

In the Holy Scriptures the clear and precise teachings about the question of Antichrist are all in the New Testament. In the Old Testament there are some passages which in the light of the clearer teachings of the New Testament seem to refer to the problem. If they do, they are made clear by the New Testament and so there is no necessity to review them in particular. Suffice it to state that from some passages in

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the books of Ezechiel, Joel, Zachary and Daniel we conclude that the Jerusalem of the Saviour, that is the Church, will have many enemies but that God will save it. There is no clear teaching that all these enemies will one day be gathered together under the leadership of one man of great iniquity and there is no approach to the name "Antichrist" in the whole of the Old Testament.

## IN THE GOSPELS

It is in the Gospels that we find the words of Our Saviour Himself recorded by His Apostles and their secretaries. When speaking of the last days He seems to take up the theme of the Old Testament. He speaks only of the enemies of God. St. Matthew in the twenty fourth chapter of his Gospel in two places — verse 11 and verse 25 — records Our Saviour's words. In these two places Our Lord says; "And many false prophets will arise and will lead many astray. . . . For false christs and false prophets will arise and will show great signs and great wonders, so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect."

First, notice that the word *Antichrist* is not mentioned once. The enemies of Christ and His church are called "false christs" and "false prophets." We notice too that the "false christs" and the "false prophets" are legion. They will all work for the same purpose, the destruction of the work of the Saviour of mankind. By false teachings and by lies and by wonders that will deceive many they will ape the work of the Son of God in order to drag all men away from the heavenly Father. Finally, consider that in the words of Our Lord there is no indication that these men will work under the direction of one superman. They seem to be acephalous, without a general.

It seems logical to conclude therefore that wherever our writers and speakers derived the thought of an individual, personal Antichrist, they certainly did not get it from the Gospels or from the words of Christ which we have recorded in writing, written under the influence of the Holy Ghost.

## SAINT PAUL

In writing his two letters to the Thessalonians, St. Paul had occasion to speak particularly and precisely about the last times. In the second letter we find recorded the passage which is one of the classics concerning the question at hand. In the second letter to the Thessalonians, St. Paul says: "Let no one deceive you in any way, for the day of the

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Lord will not come unless the apostasy comes first, and the man of sin is revealed, the son of perdition, who opposes and is exalted above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he sits in the temple of God and gives himself out as if he were God. Do you not remember that when I was still with you, I used to tell you these things? And now you know what restrains him that he may be revealed in his proper time. For the mystery of iniquity is already at work, provided only that he who is at present restraining it, does still restrain, until he is gotten out of the way. And then the wicked one will be revealed, whom the Lord Jesus will slay with the breath of His mouth and will destroy with the brightness of his coming. And his coming is according to the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all wicked deception to those who are perishing."

Here indeed we seem to have a description of an individual. St. Paul searches for terms with which to describe him. He is called "man of sin, son of perdition, adversary, the wicked one." The characteristic note of this person, we may say, is that he is a man of sin, the very incarnation of sin. His greatest sin is a towering pride. He does everything to oppose the work of Jesus Christ. One has the impression, on reading this strong passage, that this person is right before our eyes, we may say, pushing against the door of time. But there is some one or something restraining his entrance on the stage of this world.

However, we may justly ask the question here whether St. Paul is giving us a new and more precise revelation as to the nature of this problem or is he recording the same ideas as those that were spoken by Our Lord? St. Paul in this passage makes no claim that he is giving a new revelation as he does when explaining the Pauline privilege.

The vivid terms he uses here in this passage he evidently took from the passages mentioned in the very beginning of this article, the passages of the Old Testament from the books of Ezechiel, Joel and Daniel. His vivid language then, may be personification. Just one other consideration. According to St. Paul, the obstacle, whatever it is, that is impeding and obstructing the appearance of Antichrist, is in the world now and will be. On the other hand the mystery of iniquity is working. The obstacle is permanent. Antichrist seems to go along with it. Therefore it seems St. Paul too has in mind a number of people who are all personified in the terms he seems to use of one man.

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### SAINT JOHN

St. John mentions the name "Antichrist" four times in his first and second letters. Here are the passages:

1. "Dear children, it is the last hour and you have heard that Antichrist is coming; so now many antichrists have arisen; whence we know that it is the last hour."

2. "Who is the liar but he who denies that Jesus is the Christ? He is the Antichrist who denies the Father and the Son."

3. "Every spirit that severs Jesus is not of God, but is of Antichrist of whom you have heard that he is coming and now is already in the world."

4. "For many deceivers have gone forth into the world who do not confess Jesus as the Christ coming in the flesh. This is the deceiver and the Antichrist."

These texts seem to warrant the following conclusions:

1. The readers of St. John's letters expected an Antichrist. In other words this was the ordinary teaching or the ordinary belief. They were expecting *an* antichrist, an adversary of Christ, a liar, an imposter, one who denied the divinity of Jesus Christ, probably a renegade Christian.

2. St. John makes an allusion to a general tendency and notes that it has already begun to be realized.

3. Antichrists—in the plural—seem to be a category; they may be legion. Is it perhaps the towering pride of each that seems to place him alone? May it be that each in his own pride thinks himself to be the adversary *par excellence* of Christ?

4. Perhaps we may go further and say that the plurality of antichrists eliminates THE Antichrist. St. John seems to say: "You expect Antichrist. You are correct, for in place of one antichrist you will have many; you will have as many as there will be persons who will deny the divinity of Christ. An antichrist is one who denies Christ."

### THE APOCALYPSE

There is not a shadow of a doubt that the book of Daniel more than any other furnished St. John with many of the symbols he uses throughout his book known as the Apocalypse. The portrait of Antiochus, the great persecutor of the Jews drawn by Daniel, made a profound impression on the Jews and in turn on the Christians and the latter saw in Antiochus the tyrant, beast and monster, the figure of Antichrist. St.



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John makes use of these figures throughout the Apocalypse. The beast in the first part of chapter thirteen is surely a symbolic description of Antichrist. He receives all his power from the dragon who is surely the devil. The beast blasphemes against God and for a time has power from the devil to work untold harm to the saints of God. Now this same beast, according to chapter seventeen of the same book, Apocalypse, is a collectivity, not an individual.

### CONCLUSIONS

To conclude, let us say that we do not dare even to imagine that these few words have in any way cleared the issue. We certainly have not decided definitely whether Antichrist is to be some extraordinary individual in history or a collection of great adversaries of Christ. However we do think that it would be well if we did not talk so positively and certainly of a great and only Antichrist to come at the end of the world. The Scripture texts seem to be open to the interpretation that there will be a plurality of antichrists. The only writer of Scripture who uses the term is St. John and he speaks of many antichrists.

Of this much we are still certain. Before the end of the world there will be a great defection from the Faith and this will be due in large measure to the efforts of false Christs who will ape the Son of God in His preaching and in His miracles. This power of apparent miracles will be given by the Devil.

### *Weather Prophet*

\* One of the most famous of the old almanacs was that published by a certain Mr. Hutchins. Its fame as a prognosticator of the weather rests upon an amusing story. While Hutchins was laboring on one part of his yearbook, an assistant was busily engaged upon another. One day the assistant was engaged in arranging the weather reports, and he approached his boss and asked him about the condition of the weather on a certain day some months ahead. Things were not going just right for the master, and, somewhat piqued at the interruption, he said: "Oh, put down what you please—rain, hail, thunder, snow, and be done with it." The apprentice dutifully transcribed the master's words. But on the appointed day, lo and behold! the weather consisted in just what the book had predicted. Thereupon Mr. Hutchins' reputation was made. \*



## ON GOSSIPING

L. M. MERRILL

The strongest characters in the world are those who are capable of resisting the almost universal human habit of indulging in detrimental gossip about others. The universality of the tendency and the commonness of the practice are the elements that make this so great a sign of strength. Weak characters gratify any number of weaknesses by gossip: jealousy, spite, revenge, greed, pride, vanity, and unresisted antipathies. Strong characters recognize the tendencies, but remember too well their own faults and shortcomings to take or give notice of the foibles or sins of others.

The world pays tribute to the strength that underlies an ability to take no part in common gossip. It is not unusual to hear even inveterate gossipers remark about certain people that they are never heard to speak in an unkind way about others. The sad thing is that one hears this praise most frequently at wakes and funerals about the dead, as if there had been no cause to notice it or be influenced by it before.

Self-questioning that may be done to test the strength of one's character on this basis may take the following forms:

1. Am I inclined to talk critically of people who have gone ahead of me, and who are being praised by others?

2. Do I take the edge off praise that is given to others by suggesting unworthy or selfish motives for their praiseworthy conduct?

3. Do I find it difficult to wait to tell someone when I have learned of a fault or sin committed by an acquaintance or neighbor or friend?

4. When I suspect that others have criticized me, do I go out of my way to run them down to my friends?

5. Do I have special difficulty in overcoming my tendency to criticize those in authority over me?

6. When I am in company, do I find myself quickly falling in with the conversation of others when its topic is the faults of others?

7. Do I let my antipathies for certain people become widely known by my inability to keep from talking against them?

It takes real strength and long practice and high spiritual motives to reach the point where none of these questions need be answered in the affirmative.

## TROOPS OF THE VIRGIN

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The power of material armies has always inspired spiritual campaigns. Here is one that has long been under way, one that will still be in the field when the world is at peace.

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R. A. GAYDOS

THERE exists today an army which has already conquered more territory than the sweeping Roman Legions of old, the mighty conquering army of Alexander the Great, or the victory-dizzy troops of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is a militant organization with powerful branches located all over the world from Ireland, England, France, Canada and the United States to the West Indies, the Philippines, Africa, Australia, New Zealand and China. Its members are untold thousands of commando squadrons and shock troops busy at the work of spreading influential propaganda and generally harassing the enemy in all his vulnerable positions. In the United States alone there are over 100,000 active and auxiliary members operating from 1,000 branches located in almost every State. It is an army set out on complete world conquest under the banner of the Virgin and is called simply the Legion of Mary.

This army which carries the colors of the Blessed Virgin is one of the Church's greatest hopes for a total, modern, spiritual revival in the world. It is one of the most perfect examples of true Catholic Action insofar as it is concerned primarily with those precious spiritual gems, human souls. First of all it seeks to sanctify its own members and then through them to bring back the renegades of religious indifference and ignorance to the merciful feet of Christ the King by methods and means furnished by the Blessed Virgin, Queen of Victories.

The organization can be called an army by reason of its self-styled military title (Legion) and because it operates as an army and depends on what we might call the military virtues of loyalty, courage, discipline and order. It has a special military ensign, or standard; it has its own definite manual of arms in the form of a Legion "Handbook" which lays down its basic plans of strategy. Its organization is modeled on the army of ancient Rome—but the army and arms of the Legionnaires of Mary, terrible as an army set in battle array against Satan and his legions, are not really of this world.

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Like an army, or a religious order, the Legion stands imperturbably pat on its rules and regulations. Once a member has taken the Legion Promise — similar in a practical sense to an act of surrender and an oath of allegiance to the Legion Queen — he must follow his simple weekly directions or cease to be a member. To qualify for membership a person must be a good Catholic, animated with the spirit of the Legion and willing to fulfill his daily sentinel duty of prayer and the active work in which his branch (Garrison) of the Legion is engaged.

THE Legion spirit is the spirit of the Blessed Mother herself, especially her spirit of humility, obedience, sweetness, prayer, mortification, purity, patience, wisdom, self-sacrificing love of God, and above all, her faith. The daily portion of prayer which every member, both active and auxiliary, must perform calls for the steadfastness and constancy of the most strongly disciplined soldier. This daily prayer duty consists in the faithful recitation of the Legion "Catena" of prayers. "Catena," the Latin word for "chain," very symbolically reminds the legionary to supply daily his link of the endless Legion prayer chain to the Virgin. This Catena consists of the *Magnificat* and beautiful prayers composed by one of Mary's all-time greatest lovers, Grignon de Montfort. Although not obliged, each member is strongly counseled to add to this the daily recitation of the Rosary. With this invariable prayer schedule to fill daily, we can readily see why the Legion has sometimes been likened to a lay religious order.

In this program of making its members holy, the Legion strives to stoke their zeal to a white heat and thereby develop a truly apostolic fervor that seeks to share with all mankind the wonderful thing which spiritual books call holiness. The members then seek for work to perform or are assigned it by the Praesidium (Garrison) to which they belong. Thus the Legion stands ready to help the parish and its pastor in any way possible. From its strong internal constitution it does not thus weaken itself in multiple, trivial works, but is like an army drawn up in attack formation at all times, receiving orders regularly from local headquarters. Energy is never wasted in futile spurts of spasmodic enthusiasm by individual members but is used to its utmost capacity by competent and wise direction.

With its praiseworthy aim and ideal of welding all men together in love for Christ, the Legion is ready to tackle any work regardless of

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strong adverse criticism from outsiders or of the "impossible" aspect of the work. Works for the poverty-stricken, the sick, the unfortunate down-and-outs, prostitutes and others who are blacklisted by other societies as "hardened" or "incorrigible" offer an especially welcome field to the Legionaries. People with a "minus" sign on them are searched out and pursued with relentless consistency, with a grace from above that will not be overcome by mere human opposition. No battle on the no-man's land of human wretchedness is ever avoided, but sought out and fought by the Legion of Mary! The outcasts of human society are approached by the Legionaries and conquered for Christ on the common ground of true friendship and tender understanding. In a magnificent gesture of humility that soon becomes a habit with them, the Legionaries attack the problems of the vile, the malevolent and the naturally hateful.

We have an example of this in the first band of Legionaries. They began this work by their visits to a nearby hospital in its naturally very unattractive, quite repulsive cancer wards described so well by Cecily Hallack as a "finishing school for any student of mortality, explaining to each of his five senses the business of disintegration." In this manner of acting has the Legion spirit passed the acid test of true and false love for humanity and been stamped as the genuine article.

SINCE the Legion was organized it has freely taken any task assigned to it by its Virgin Queen. Its members will follow the request of their pastors whether that calls for the visitation of every house in the parish to enthrone the devotion to the Sacred Heart, or perhaps to take the parish census. Members have devoted their time to the dissemination of Catholic literature and the formation of study clubs. They have taught catechism to neglected children and tutored public school children. They have directed CYO movements and clubs for children. They have won their way into the homes of fallen-aways through their work with the children. Arousing languid parish sodality work by reviving dead memberships and securing new ones, they have been the spark to enkindle the hidden zeal of many a parish organization.

Promoting the habit of daily Mass and Communion is another work of the Legionaries because they realize from personal experience the wonderful gift of virtue and strength one gets from frequent banquets with the Eucharistic King. Junior Legionaries, youngsters up to 18

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years of age, sometimes find this their chief work, namely, campaigning for Christ with their fellow-classmates and public high school pupils. In short, wherever there is Catholic Action to be done, there are the Legionaries of Mary ready, in fact, over-eager to fulfill the work as a requirement of their active membership.

One field of work, however, which the Legion will never consider touching is that which has to do with begging for any purpose whatever or for administering material relief to the needy. Fearful lest it should harm its eminently spiritual work, the Legion shies away from anything that smacks of almsgiving or outright charity. It feels that many doors would be closed to its members were they known as charity workers. It knows from tried experience that the complications of such work are too great and would necessarily cripple the main endeavor of the Legion. Should members want to give to charity, they are urged to do it anonymously.

But where do the Legionaries, ordinary men and women, remember, get the drive and enthusiasm to keep their organization operating at top speed the full year round? From their obligatory weekly meetings, no less! It is as necessary for the Legion to have these weekly meetings as it is for any army to have a steady and dependable line of supply to back it up.

Every Praesidium, composed of from 5 to about 18 members, meets regularly, fair weather or foul, on a given day of every week. Gathered around a table on which there stands the Legion Vexillum (Standard) and a statue of the Blessed Virgin, they start the meeting with a prayer to the Holy Ghost, five decades of the Rosary, the Hail Holy Queen, and a special Legion prayer to Mary, followed by five minutes reading from a spiritual book. After the reading of the Minutes from the last meeting, each member reports on his past week's work: visiting the sick, taking the parish census, visiting a derelict in prison and so on—according to his assignment. Then follows friendly discussion of work accomplished, new fields to conquer, assignments for the coming week, and stories of past victories. At a specified time the meeting is interrupted as all recite the Legion prayers of the Catena. Seated once more, the Spiritual Director, usually a parish priest, addresses the members and gives them some inspiring thought to carry with them through the coming week. A secret bag collection is then made to support the overhead expenses of the Praesidium and the rest of the Legion. The

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meeting closes with prayers and the blessing of the priest. Coming from such a meeting held in a supernatural atmosphere of prayer, devotional usages, and the sweet spirit of charity, every member must of necessity be strengthened for his next week's Legion activity and prayers. Planned so psychologically correct, the meetings always achieve this effect. They have to.

**A**NOTHER determining reason for the Legion's wonderful success is the enrollment of Adjutor and Auxiliary members who daily recite the Legion Catena and place their prayers into the hands of the Blessed Virgin to use as she sees fit. Hindered by circumstances from giving their active help, these members give what they can, prayers. As an army depends on its warworkers and munitions plants, so the Legion depends on its Auxiliary forces for spiritual ammunition in the form of God's grace. Hence, any person in any place in the world is free to become an Auxiliary member, whether he lives near a Legion branch or not. He needs but promise to recite the daily Legion prayers.

The Legion of Mary, we feel sure, will continue its truly extraordinary and wonderful germination until there will be no country, no diocese, no parish in all the world without its branch of the Legion. No place has yet become so thoroughly Catholic that the Legion is not needed. Villages and small towns always experience a thrill of a new spiritual idealism with the establishment of a Praesidium; crowded cities have under each one of their many roofs reasons for the Legion and have always benefited by the Legion's presence.

Parish priests everywhere will find the Legion as useful as another hand, a hand that can always delicately feel the spiritual pulse of the parish. Parish organizations will benefit by the tireless enthusiasm so characteristic of the Legionaries and far from being curbed by the Legion, will be kept alive and functioning thereby.

Indeed, the Legion is an asset to any parish on account of its fruits of intense idealism and energetic action. Contrary to a first impression we might have that members could not be recruited in a world of modern universal selfishness, the very opposite has been and still is true. Persons who freely respond to a call for trivial work, quickly lose heart and abandon it; but the few who answer the call to serious and difficult endeavor such as the Legion proposes, persevere faithfully to communicate their spirit to many others. By its 21 years of experience the

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Legion has encountered what the "Handbook" calls a strange anomaly: that thousands of persons have become holy in the Legion ranks who had formerly refused to be even good.

So it is that the Legion of Mary continues on its march of progress. Already its members circle the globe in their daily recitation of the Legion Catena and they are not likely to decrease in numbers on account of the war. In the Allied forces the Legion is represented by members in the United States Army, the British Army, and the soldiers of the Polish forces now in Scotland. Hardly a country these soldiers fight in but they will find the Legion and faithful Legionaries, as the prayers of the Legion have been printed in some 40 languages and dialects.

No, the Legion will not rest on its laurels till Victory is accomplished in complete world conquest. When every man and woman in the world is safely won over to the side of Christ and His Holy Mother, then only will the Legion acknowledge the fight as well fought and the Victory secure. Its only work from then on will be to give eternal praise to its beneficent, rewarding King and Queen of heaven.

### *Footnote on Priests*

\* You cannot fool a multitude of men in civil life. Our informed men of a world living in peace or of a world waging war know that 999 priests out of every 1000 are true men and faithful officials, worthy of their calling. They know that the Church has watched her priests every day during the twelve years of their preparation for the priesthood. They know that 65 per cent and more of those who aspire to the priesthood are rejected by the Church as not suitable because of talents, temperament or character. You cannot possibly fool the Catholic laymen of America. They are loyal to their priests because they know them to be true men and unselfish servants. The Protestant mind cannot understand why Catholics generally are so sensitive about everything pertaining to their priests. It is only uninformed, pink, leaning-back-liberal, and compromising Catholics who will stand silently by and hear aspersions thrown on their priests. Informed Catholic men know that their priests are not men of doll-baby type; they are not namby-pamby characters; they are not wax figures, they do not pose. They are on the contrary, real red-blooded men, two-fisted men who know what it means to fight, to be virtuous officials every day of their priestly lives.

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— *Catholic Telegraph-Register*



# MOMENTS AT MASS

F. A. BRUNNER

## THE CLEANSING OF CHALICE AND FINGERS

After the Communion the priest washes the chalice and then his fingers. While the server pours wine into the cup the priest says:

What we have received with our lips, O Lord, may we likewise accept with a pure mind, so that from the gift of one day an eternal remedy may become ours.

While the server pours wine and water over his fingers, the priest recites a second prayer:

May thy body, Lord, that I have taken and thy blood that I have drunk cling to my inmost heart, and grant that there remain no trace of sin in me whom thy holy mysteries have made a new creation: Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

The two ablutions the priest himself consumes, so as to guard from all profane touch whatever particles of the sacred species may have remained.

### *The ceremonies:*

It is not till the fourteenth century that we come upon any mention of the present custom of purifying the chalice by pouring a little wine therein, or of washing the fingers with a few drops of wine and water. Earlier in the Middle Ages the liquid was not swallowed but instead was put into the sacrarium, a place for the custody of sacred things.

### *The prayers:*

The text of the first prayer is found in the earliest Mass-books, but there it is used as a Postcommunion. It is, in fact, so used in our present missal on the Thursday after Passion Sunday. The prayer is classical in structure. There is, for instance, the classical antithesis between "lips" and "mind," an opposition easy to see; the sacred bread is no ordinary food, since its power is intended not for the body alone but for the mind, the soul. The "gift of a day" seems to have reference to the material elements which the faithful in olden times donated at the offertory—the elements which, when changed into the flesh and blood of the Son of God, become a means of life everlasting. We may also interpret the prayer to mean that the daily offering of the eucharistic sacrifice will become an enduring weapon against the evils that beset our spiritual life.

The second prayer is couched in a more personal form and on that account would appear to be a composition of the later Middle Ages. But it too is found in ancient missals—in the Gothic missal of medieval Spain—though, like all public prayers, it is there written in the plural. The Latin text employs some words that might easily be mistranslated. The Latin *visceribus*, bowels, is a Biblical usage for the center of feelings and emotions and is best rendered "heart." The *refecerunt*, here rendered "have made a new creation" might mean no more than "have refreshed," but such a translation appears weak, for actually Holy Communion so intensifies the action of grace that there emerges a new immortal man.

## ELECTRICITY

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Its real nature is still a secret and a mystery. Yet the power it possesses has been harnessed, and it is one of the most commonplace things in the world today, and tomorrow it will be working still newer wonders for all.

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F. W. STRATMAN

WITH a "snap" your kitchen is flooded with light. "Snap" and your cream-whipper jumps into action. "Snap" and a cooling breeze makes summer's heat more bearable. Electricity is today your humble and obedient servant, always ready and eager to help you.

Electricity is a comparatively young man. Many can remember him as a child; as an infant; and perhaps, if one considers his birth the day of his entrance into the world of practical applications, he is remembered as a mere possibility.

The ancient Greeks, by rubbing an amber rod, discovered that bits of paper could be attracted by it. And today the same electrical phenomena is noted when combing the hair on a brisk winter day. The hair tends to fuzz up and stand on end, being charged with static electricity by the rubbing action. In the year 1650 Otto von Guericke built a curious-looking machine to replace the comb-hair combination and made great quantities of this static electricity originally discovered by the Greeks. Many others have made static electricity generators of their own bodies by dragging their feet heavily across the parlor rug and then cautiously touching a finger to the radiator to see a spark fly out.

Luigi Galvani's experiments with frog legs prepared the way for Alessandro Volta to build the first electrical battery. Galvani, by touching frog legs with pieces of copper and steel connected together, observed that the legs twitched. Then Volta, guided by this fact, took bits of dissimilar metals and stacked them up between salt-soaked bits of cloth and formed the first battery, the forerunner of "A," "B" and "C" radio batteries, car batteries, the tiny batteries that the hard of hearing utilize in their hearing aids.

Our American Benjamin Franklin with his kite flying in a storm was the first to popularly correlate the lightning flash with the electrical

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facts others had already observed. Lightning was but a big electrical spark. Ever since Franklin's day, scientists have been studying the lightning flash and have at last pretty well learned its nature and how to protect electrical power lines, smoke-stacks and tall buildings from it. Franklin's experiment was no doubt more dangerous than he thought. Had lightning been ready to flash in his vicinity, it might likely have followed the wet kite string with shattering effects.

THE knowledge of magnetism and of electricity developed at first quite independently of one another. It was in 1831 that Michael Faraday demonstrated the principle of electromagnetic induction, thus showing the relation between electricity and magnetism as they were then known. Faraday discovered that, if an electrical conductor is moved through the magnetic field that surrounds a magnet, an electrical current tends to flow through the conductor. Similarly, if a current of electricity is sent through the conductor held in the magnetic field, the conductor tends to move.

A mere schoolboy can today demonstrate these principles of the motor and the generator. He sets a horseshoe shaped magnet — that his father may have bought for him in the dime-store — upon a wooden table, placing it so that one end or pole of the magnet is above the other. Then he bends a piece of stiff bare wire into the shape of a four inch "U" with two little bends on the ends to serve as rests. This he suspends from two tin cans placed at the sides of the magnet so that the bottom of the "U" moves easily between the poles of the magnet. Now with flash-light battery in hand he is ready to perform an experiment which would have knocked the spectacles off a scientist a hundred years ago. At the very instant that he connects the top and bottom of the flashlight battery to the two tin cans the bottom of the "U" jumps out from between the poles of the magnet. The electricity flowing through the conductor in the field of the magnet causes the conductor to move. He has made a little motor. Were he in possession of a delicate electrical current measuring instrument called a galvanometer, he might connect it to the two tin cans instead of the battery. Every movement of the "U" into and out of the field between the poles of the magnet would cause the needle of the galvanometer to move, thus demonstrating the generator principle. The moving conductor is setting up a current of electricity which the galvanometer indicates.

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Faraday's discovery of the motor-generator principle was of such far reaching importance that it might well be called the birth of electricity into practical life. For the application of this principle gave us practical motors and generators. Now electrical power can be generated in great quantities. Water power and steam can be harnessed to create electrical energy which in turn operates motors on dental chairs, in moving picture machines, in soap factories and boiler rooms. The first motors and generators were crude and cumbersome, but today they are some of the most efficient converters of energy that man has been privileged to develop. With the perfection of motors and generators, electricity came to maturity and today has begotten a family of new sciences.

With power available at low cost the science and art of electrical illumination has come into being. Americans can be justly proud of Thomas A. Edison, for it was he who developed the first practical electric light — a thin filament of carbon enclosed in an envelope of glass free from air. An electrical current passing through the filament heated it to incandescence. Edison had already a considerable knowledge of chemistry and was financing his experiments by running a periodical and a vegetable store at the age of fifteen years. His first inventions were in the field of telegraphy. These inventions, a stock ticker, duplex and quadraplex telegraphy, etc., paid enough to enable him to make an intensive study and an unending number of experiments with electric lights. Edison spent \$100,000 in making tests and in searching out materials for his greatest of inventions, the incandescent carbon-filament electric light.

Edison realized that the electric light was going to consume considerable amounts of electricity and that therefore an efficient way for supplying that power from power house to home and factory must be found. For this purpose he developed what is known as the Edison three wire system in which one wire is used as if it were two, and power loss is cut down to as little as one half of what it must be otherwise. His system is still in use today everywhere.

**T**HE progress in electrical illumination is one of progress in electrical light bulb efficiency. The first carbon lamps required five watts of electrical energy to produce a light equal in intensity to one wax candle. The tungsten filament which was developed by Doctor William D. Coolidge increased the efficiency several times. And today gas filled

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lamps consume only three-tenths of a watt to produce a candlepower of light. But even this highly efficient bulb is being replaced by another type of light which is almost twice again as efficient—the fluorescent light. Latest types of fluorescent lights consist of a glass tube with an electrode at each end. The tube is filled with argon gas and mercury vapor. The color of the fluorescent light is determined by the kind of material coating the inside surface of the glass tube. And the light is called “fluorescent” because it is this coating on the glass which is made to fluoresce or give off light when electrical activity goes on within the gases of the tube. Thanks to these discoveries and inventions one can now have an efficient and therefore inexpensive red and blue light as well as a day-light or white one.

With the development of one electrical device other fields are developed. The fluorescent light is a typical case. The fluorescent principle is now being used for making laundry markings visible in the laundry but not elsewhere, in identifying bacteria, in revealing foreign matter in foodstuffs, in identifying babies in hospitals, and even in mining. Near Fallon, Nevada, there are many claims which have been marked out by prospectors who went about at night with an ultra violet light in their hands. The ultra violet light causes many desirable minerals to fluoresce in the dark and thus reveal their presence.

With the knowledge of electricity obtained during the past few decades the sciences of radio and telephony have been developing rapidly and these are giving great promise for the future, nothing less than television being promised us after the present war. Another of the latest of newly begotten electrical sciences is that of the infinitesimal particles of matter, the science of “electronics.” This new science has already given us the electronic microscope, the recording spectrophotometer and a host of wonderful new instruments. The electronic microscope enables man to see objects approaching in size the tiny molecules of matter itself. It uses coils of wire in place of glass lenses and the tiny particles of matter itself in place of light. The electrons are bounced off the object viewed and brought to focus by the wire lenses enabling man to see objects many times smaller than is possible with the best light and glass type microscopes. The spectrophotometer with its electric eyes see a hundred shades of color where the human eye unaided sees but one. It is a kind of magnifying glass for shades of color and can, moreover, remember what it has seen.

THERE are hundreds of startling new applications of electricity being made every year. Radar is one of the most interesting. Electrical impulses are transmitted from a radio transmitter. These impulses pass through space and are reflected from metallic objects much like light from white objects. Secret radio devices take these reflected waves and give length and breadth to them in such a way that one can, as it were, see these objects which reflect the electrical impulses whether they be ships or planes or the side of an island. Already radar has proven its effectiveness on our side in the war. What may be expected of it in the future months of the war is, of course, shrouded in military secrecy. But after the war one can be sure it will be one of the greatest aids for safely landing planes in fog and storm, in avoiding mountain peaks, smoke stacks, gas holders, radio towers and the like. Radar will give the pilot a second pair of eyes.

Another type of electric eye is the X-ray, which recently has jumped out of the hospital and laboratory and into the machinshop, the foundry, and fruit packers' inspection rooms. X-rays have been able to penetrate human flesh and reveal the breaks in bones and the presence of foreign objects for years past. But recently built higher powered units now make fruit, heavy iron and steel castings, tires, and a myriad of other things internally visible to man. The engineer is today examining giant castings with X-rays much as your dentist examines your teeth for hidden cavities and defects. The orange you had at breakfast may very likely have been X-rayed to insure its reaching the table solid and ripe and firm.

And more recently X-rays have jumped from the hospital to the farm. Seeds are now being sold for at least two new types of flower which were produced by the genetic effects of X-rays on seeds, the rays affecting in the seeds the tiny genes which determine their nature. Numerous experiments are now being conducted. Apple seeds, tomato seeds, corn, raspberries and beans are being subjected to powerful X-ray bombardment with results which promise much towards the production of wholesome and health-giving food.

Psychologists are today very interested in the relation of electricity to thought processes. It is clear that electrical energy is generated when one uses his memory and imagination. Delicate measuring devices measure tiny impulses picked up by electrodes attached to the nerves in the head. Now, are these impulses mere accidental products of the psycho-



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logical and physiological process which goes on when one imagines himself riding a bicycle, recalling his first after-dinner speech, or some such thing? Or are these tiny electrical currents intimately connected with neural activity, perhaps accounting for the transmission of the physiological impulse from cell to cell, from the cortex, down the spinal cord, on to the tips of the toes? There is much discussion about these electrical phenomena. Electricity has given the psychologist many measuring devices; perhaps it will give him one for measuring mental efficiency, one that will tell exactly what three cocktails will do to mental efficiency or a pack of cigarettes smoked every day.

OUR explorers and adventurers of today would like to find another continent on the earth to be investigated. Science has one for its discoverers and inventors. Both radio and light are wave or impulse phenomena. On tuning the radio to a station operating on a wave length of twenty meters, one hears waves or impulses that are transmitted at a frequency of 15,000,000 times per second. And the eye when focused on the red light in the traffic signal receives impulses or waves of light energy at a rate of 460,000,000,000,000 times per second. A vast numerical difference is evident, evidence that a vast and varied field of wave and impulse phenomena lies here to be investigated — room for thousands of expeditions and searching parties. The use of frequencies within this range for submarine and airplane detection, for the transmission of power, for therapeutic effects and the like are hinted at and not without good reason.

Already some secret communication is being carried on at these extremely high frequencies. These, when used for communication, are well adapted to secrecy, for the waves transmitted behave much like light, that is, they can be cut off by hills and metal objects, they can be focused like a searchlight; and yet they travel far greater distances than light, being only slightly impeded by haze, smoke and fog. Moreover, because the range of frequencies that can be used for such secret transmitters is so vast, it becomes as difficult for the enemy to find them with its receivers as it is to find the traditional needle-in-the-hay-stack. There are as many frequencies at which these secret communications can be carried on as there are trees in the whole of Brazil.

Frequency modulation radio — the new static free method of radio transmission — and television are coming into their own. These two



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startling developments of electrical magic are a kind of bridge leading from the known and ordinary radio frequencies so familiar to the yet unexplored area between radio and light frequencies. If we find such wonders on the approaches to this unexplored continent, is it being too optimistic to say we are on the eve of unparalleled electrical development?

### *Dangers of Speed*

We travel at a hundred miles an hour in streamliner trains, and at a rate almost as fast as in the airlines, and think nothing of it at all. A hundred years ago such speeds would have been regarded not only as impossible, but literally as the mouthings of a maniac. Thus in 1826 an engineer quoted in Amroyd's work on internal navigation declared "a rate of speed more than six miles an hour would exceed the bounds set by prudence, though some of the sanguine advocates of railways extend this limit to nine miles an hour." The inventor Stephenson was predicting future speeds up to 20 miles an hour, and he was severely taken to task by one Nicholas Wood, a railway expert, who called such a claim absurd, and said: "Nobody could do more harm to the prospect of building or generally improving such coaches than by spreading abroad this kind of nonsense." In Germany it was proved by experts that if trains went at the proposed speed of 15 miles an hour on the new Rothschild railroad lines, blood would spurt from the travelers' noses, mouths and ears, and also that the passengers would suffocate going through tunnels.

### *How to Curtail Automobiles*

One way which the government might use to prevent automobile pleasure driving is the way chosen by the horse breeders in England in 1860. It appeared at that time that mechanical transportation had come to stay, and the horse breeding interests and railroads were bitterly opposed. They secured passage of an act of parliament in 1861 which made it practically impossible for them to operate. This act provided that tires must be at least three inches wide, that engines must consume their own smoke, that each vehicle must have at least two drivers, and that no vehicle could exceed 10 miles an hour in the country and five miles an hour in the towns. In 1865 a new law required three drivers for each vehicle, one of whom must precede the carriage at a distance of 60 yards, carrying a red flag by day and a red lantern at night. Speed was reduced to two miles an hour in the towns and four in the country.

## Side Glances

by The Bystander

Thoughts about Protestants and their religion have been occasioned by several things that happened during the past month. There is nothing bitter about the thoughts. They are not accompanied by any approach to the belief that is so often wrongly attributed to Catholics, that all Protestants are lost. On the contrary, we believe, like all good Catholics, that many Protestants will attain to a high place in heaven, because they have followed their conscience, no matter how inculpably erroneous, and that many Catholics will be lost because they did not follow the manifest and true will of Christ as known to them. The thoughts are more sympathetic and yearning than anything else: they awaken strong desires to do something for those whose state is so confused.



There was a good opportunity for a sideglance at a district superintendent for Methodist Churches. We sat together in a crowded train. He was, apparently, an honest man and certainly a companionable one. He asked a great many questions about things Catholic, and expressed surprised and pleased interest in the answers. He even went so far as to admit that the Methodist ministers in his jurisdiction had recently agreed to take back from Catholics some of the very things they broke away from the Catholic Church to get rid of. They decided to have an altar in every Methodist church; more than that, a crucifix and two candles on the altar; and further still, to encourage the use of statues, shrines, and clerical garb for the minister in conducting services. Encouraged by the trend of the conversation, we asked whether Methodists demanded any unity of doctrine, whether all held the same interpretations of Christ's teaching. The answer was no. "For instance," he said: "we are not all agreed on the importance of baptism. Personally, I look on it as just a form of initiation. Recently I had a convert in my church who had lived a very good moral life previously, though he had never been baptized. It would have been, to my mind, an insult to make such a good man undergo baptism, because it would have impugned his former goodness, so I skipped it. . ." We thought of Christ's words: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he shall not enter the Kingdom of heaven." Can people logically believe that Christ was God, and that He was jesting with solemn words like the above?



Another sideglance comes with a magazine that a Protestant organization insists on sending to us. Again the people who edit it seem to be filled with good will and zeal. They claim to be undenominational, or rather all-Protestant denominational, but with a sideline of fearful hatred of things Catholic. Hardly an issue appears without a large advertisement for some book making an attack on Catholic doctrine or practice. In the issue before us now, the book advertised is named

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*House of Death and Gate of Hell.* Well, sir, just what do you suppose is the "House of Death and Gate of Hell?" It is any Catholic convent in the world. The author is a Rev. J. L. King, who pretends to be a converted Roman Catholic. We happen to have a copy of that particular book and it presents a picture of convent life that makes all stories of medieval dungeons and French penal islands and Nazi torture chambers read like *Alice in Wonderland*. What can one do about things like that? The bystander is, perhaps, as capable as anyone of giving a clear picture of what goes on in convents. He has preached in scores of them in all parts of the United States. If Jesus Christ reigns over hearts and lives any place in the world, it is there. Yet these educated Protestants, these men who use their education to mould others, call convents the "Houses of Death and Gates of Hell." Is it ignorance? Is it malice? Is it gullibility that cannot discern an imposter and will not seek out the facts for itself? The strange thing is that the rest of the magazine oozes with good will toward everybody; begs its readers to manifest more brotherly love and tolerance; turns somersaults to avoid offending the holders of contradictory doctrines among themselves. But when it comes to Catholics, and especially Catholic priests and Catholic Sisters, the rules are all off. Charity and sweetness are forgotten. There are no holds barred—it's bite, kick, foul, pinch or anything else that will put them out once and for all. We do not understand it, and we wonder how Protestants who know some Catholics intimately, who have been inside convents and who know the kind of life Sisters lead, can stand it.



But it is not this negative bitterness alone that saddens us. It is the positive confusion and groping that calls forth sympathy as well. For instance there is, in the same magazine, a so-called Life Clinic, a department in which people ask questions and are answered with soothing advice. In the recent issue someone asks the soul-searing question of what to do about past sins. Those sins torture the conscience and permit no peace. "What shall I do? To whom should I confess?" . . . The answer, if ours were the difficulty, only intensifies the darkness and confusion. In summary it is this: "Confession is a lost art in our United States of America. Yet it is an indispensable for peace. God will either tell you to whom to go, or will send someone to you." . . . Cannot someone intervene and tell this troubled soul that there is no need of waiting for someone to show up to whom he can confess, or for God to appear in visible form pointing out a confessor? That God has told us to whom to go with our burden of sins, with the assurance that every sin can be taken away? That confession is not a lost art but is still practised by millions who love Christ? "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven." Not just anybody, not strangers in the street or on the train, not self-appointed consolers, but you, My apostles and priests, to whom I gave the power of binding and loosing, of forgiving and retaining sins.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## THE SECRET OF TRANQUILITY

**A**N ENGLISH diplomat was sent to the continent for some important negotiations. On the way to his destination, he slept over night at an inn, and so worried was he about his mission that he tossed about on his bed, unable to sleep.

There was a servant sleeping in the room, according to the custom of those days, and at length he was awakened by the noise made by his master.

"I cannot sleep a wink," said the latter, "I am so afraid something will go wrong with my mission."

"Master," said the servant, "may I ask a question?"

"Certainly."

"Did God rule the world before we were born?"

"Assuredly He did."

"And will He rule it again after we are dead?"

"Yes."

"Then, master, why can we not let Him rule the present also?"

The diplomat's faith was stirred, and he took the lesson to heart.

## THE SUPREME HEIGHT

**T**HE astronomer Leverrier, discoverer of the planet Neptune in 1846, once attended a function at which the Bishop of Constance was also present. In the course of a conversation which they had, the bishop remarked:

"Sir, it cannot be said of you what is said of many others, that you have raised yourself to the clouds; you have raised yourself to the stars."

"My lord," replied Leverrier, "that is not sufficient. I mean to ascend still higher; I am engaged in an enterprise much more important."

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Those standing around listened with great attention, anxious to learn what new discovery the astronomer was contemplating.

"Yes, my lord," he went on, "I mean to rise higher than the stars. I mean to ascend to heaven itself, and I hope your Lordship will assist me by your prayers."

### TALE OF TEARS

ONCE upon a time, according to the old Chinese legend, two tears went for a walk. They talked about many things, and finally one of the tears asked the other:

"Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I came from the right eye of a little boy," was the answer. "This little boy had a quarter, and he lost it. He felt so bad about losing his quarter that he cried big tears. I am one of those big tears."

"Well, that's funny," said the other tear, reflectively. "I come from a little boy, too. I come from the little boy who found the quarter which your little boy lost. My little boy took that quarter and spent it all on ice cream. He ate so much ice cream that it made him sick. He got so sick that he cried little tears. I am one of those little tears."

### SEEING WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING

ON ONE occasion Lacordaire, the greates French orator, was dining in a restaurant, and a commercial traveller sat down at his table and, according to the fashion of the times, began to boast of his unbelief.

"I do not believe in God," he cried, "because I do not understand Him. It is impossible for us to believe what we do not understand. Isn't that right?"

"Look here, my friend," said Lacordaire, calmly, "if I place hard iron in the fire it softens; if I place a soft egg in the fire, it hardens. Can you tell me why that is so?"

"No."

"Ah, you do not understand it, yet you accept it, you believe it. I notice that you believe in your hard-boiled eggs and eat them enthusiastically, even though you do not understand how they became hard."

# Pointed Paragraphs

## *Post-War Planning*

Never have social and political planners had a better time than they are having now. They are planning the world-to-be after the war. We have gathered some of their recommendations together and herewith present them for the perusal of thoughtful readers.

We should make every country in the world a democracy, America-style.

We should not try to make anything out of any country, except to see to it that Nazism and Fascism are outlawed forever.

We should make federations out of the various nations of every individual continent, like the United States of America.

We should not try to put different nationalities and racial groups under any central authority of any kind.

We should feed the world, breakfast, dinner and supper, after the manner in which Americans were accustomed to eat before the war.

We should not feed anybody anything who cannot "plunk down" the price in good American dollars.

We should police the whole world, putting an army in every country whose main duty it will be to put down any resurgence of totalitarian ideas.

We should put all ideas of policing the world out of our minds, because "who's going to police the police"?

We should readopt Wilson's ideal of a League of Nations and have a standing international army to stop aggressors before they can get well started.

We should resist all suggestions of entangling ourselves in foreign alliances and settle back into cool and indifferent isolationism as soon as the war is over.

We should forget all about idealism and "good neighbor" policies,

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form ironclad alignments with Great Britain and Russia, and thus force everybody else in the world to do what we want by the preponderance of our military might.

We should not trust Great Britain. We should not trust Russia. We should not trust anybody anywhere anytime.

We should perpetuate the New Deal and try to establish its ideals in other countries.

We should smash the New Deal and turn the country back into the hands of the National Association of Manufacturers.

There you have it, friends. Make your own program. We have a faint suspicion that none of these recommendations is going to mean anything so far as permanent peace is concerned. It is based on the fact that there is no means of peace within range of the mind of man that does not begin with the adoption of Christian principles, first on the part of individuals, and secondly, on the part of nations as a whole. And we have heard precious little (except from the Popes) on the necessity of Christian principles.

### *Pity the Professors*

There is no sadder or more forlorn figure these days than that of the former professor of liberal arts in college or university. The liberal arts have been made a holocaust on the altar of war. The study of Greek has given way to the study of code-deciphering for the Secret Service. The study of English Literature has been replaced by that of the geography of to-be-occupied nations. Instead of philosophy, there is radio-science; in place of historical research, there is aeronautics; and where general mathematics flourished before, there are specialized courses in radar, gunnery, and explosives.

All this is indeed sad. The most interesting characters ever met in the good old days were the professors of the liberal arts, who could expatiate for hours on the flexibility of Greek prefixes, or the origin of dictionaries, or the authorship of the plays attributed to William Shakespeare. Alas, there is no room for these characters in wartime America. Their classrooms have been taken over by eager youths, yearning, not to imbibe the culture of the ages, but to get the hang of some new method of destroying the culture of the ages.



But the problem is not only sad from the viewpoint of culture. It is tragic for the individual professors. What shall they do? To dig, it may be taken for granted, they are not able; to beg, ashamed. By a violent wrenching of their entire outlook on life, they might take a job in a defense factory and thus earn a living. Or, if they have a nest-egg to tide them over, they could write the book they have been planning all their lives to write, and have it ready for the day when life returns to normal again. Or they could retire, hermit-like, to their scholar's cell, and browse among the innumerable books they have been wanting to read for years but could never get around to.

Whatever they do during this unscholarly interim, we hope they will not be moved to give up forever the avocation which, before the war, they so contentedly pursued. The world will need them, after the war, more than ever before. Men tired of killing and destroying, wearied of forced marches and steel helmets and jungle breaking, will be famished and starving for the peaceful pursuit of knowledge and the development of their minds instead of their bodies. The professors of the liberal arts may be silenced now by the roaring of guns and the barking of military orders, but they will be needed again to create thinking men and women when the hysteria of war is over.

### ***On Thinking***

A great many books have been produced in the past several years purporting to tell people how to think. Some have been good and some bad. Some have represented thinking as a side issue in life, as if it were merely an art or a hobby of some kind. Some have given evidence that their authors themselves did not really know how to use the greatest faculty given to man by God.

The proper approach to the topic of thinking is this: unless we begin to think, and to think rightly, we are lost. The human mind is meant to be the guide to action, the source of faith, the means of peace, and the guiding star to eternal salvation. That so many are lacking in faith, that there is so little of peace among men, that thousands are being lost, is all due to the fact that they have abandoned reason — they have given up their minds.

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Some hardly give any time to real thinking at all. They are too busy — too busy with friends and amusements, too busy making or spending money, too busy seeking satisfaction in life by blind, feverish, uninterrupted activity, too busy making war on private and public enemies.

There are others who make emotion and feeling do for real thinking. Whatever they desire they accept as true and strive to attain it at any cost. Whatever appeals to their senses represents the only truth they will admit. The result is that they live like animals, because the only but infinite difference between the brutes and man is that the latter has a mind with which to interpret the value of feelings and emotions and a will through which he may rise above them.

There are others still who think only with their pride. They have learned something, but it has made them believe there is nothing above that to be learned. They may have discovered a star, or dissected an insect, or found a cure for one more disease, or invented a new gadget. That marks the end of all thinking for them; there is nothing beyond the puny wisdom they have acquired worth thinking about in any way.

Real thinking requires quiet and solitude and an humble attitude toward truth. Real thinking requires the inspiration of good reading, the thoughts of others who have spent much time in meditation and prayer. Real thinking requires a readiness to accept from God truths that no man could have come to know by himself alone. Real thinking presupposes the recognition that man can never find peace through the medium of his senses and feelings alone. Real thinking issues inevitably in prayer.

A Catholic is not thoroughly a Catholic until he has learned how to think and has made a practice of it in his daily life. This is done by meditation. A fifteen minute meditation every day will give that guidance and courage necessary to live and die like a man, like an immortal creature destined for eternal companionship with God.

The social question is a question of tact. — *Leon Harmel.*

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* Aspire to God with short but frequent outpourings of the heart. — *St. Francis de Sales.* \*

# — L I G U O R I A N A —

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### The Prayers of the Mass

#### FOURTH PART (Cont.)

##### The Canon

*Per quem haec omnia semper bona creas, etc.* (By whom, O Lord, Thou dost always create,

etc.) By the Word  
**From:** Thou hast created  
**Short Explanation**  
**of the Prayers** this bread and  
**of Mass** wine, and now, by

the same Word, Thou hast sanctified (*sanctificas*) them by reserving them for the sacrifice. Thou hast quickened them (*vivificas*) by changing them into the body and blood of Jesus Christ; Thou hast blessed (*benedicis*) them and transformed them into a source of benediction for the Church of Christ; and, finally, *Thou hast given us all these good things (et praestas nobis)* by distributing them to the faithful in Holy Communion. And all these favors the Church asks through the merits of Jesus Christ: *Per ipsum*, that is, through Him; *cum ipso*, in union with our Saviour; *in ipso*, in Him as the members are in the body, since God recognizes as His own only those who are united with Jesus Christ.

##### The Pater Noster

*Oremus. Praeceptis salutaribus moniti, etc.* (Instructed by Thy saving precepts, etc.) The Church militant regards herself as entirely composed of sinners; she thinks herself unworthy to call God her

Father, and to address to Him the seven petitions, which in the name of the faithful she is going to address to Him by reciting the *Pater noster* (Our Father). Hence she protests that she only dares to address to God this prayer because He Himself has commanded her to do so. She then teaches us that we may venture to present to God the seven petitions which contain the whole economy of our salvation, because it is pleasing to Him and He Himself gives us the command. We are so miserable, and our mind is so limited, that we do not even know what graces we should ask of God in behalf of our own salvation. Regarding our poverty and our insufficiency, Jesus Christ Himself deigned to compose our prayer or to indicate the subjects on which we should address Almighty God. He instructs us to say:

*Pater noster, qui es in coelis* (Our Father, who art in heaven, etc.). The Apostle St. John says: *Behold what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called, and should be the sons of God.* It is assuredly only by the effects of extreme love that we worms of the earth have been enabled to become the children of God, not by nature, but by adoption; and such is the immense grace that the Son of God has obtained for us by becoming man; for St. Paul says: *You have re-*

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ceived the spirit of adoption of sons, whereby we cry *Abba* (Father). Can a subject wish for greater happiness than to be adopted by his king? or a creature to be adopted by its Creator? This is what God has done for us; and He wishes that we should address to Him with filial confidence the following prayer:

1. *Santificetur nomen tuum* (Hallowed be Thy name). God can not possess a greater sanctity than that which He possesses from all eternity, because He is infinite; hence what we ask in this prayer is merely that God may make known in every place His Holy Name, and that He may make Himself loved by all men: by unbelievers, who know Him not; by heretics, who do not know Him in the right manner; and by sinners, who know Him but do not love Him.

2. *Adveniat regnum tuum* (Thy kingdom come). Two kinds of dominion God exercises over our souls — the dominion of grace and the dominion of glory. By these words we ask for both, namely, that the grace of God may reign among us in this life, that it may direct and govern us, so that one day we may be judged worthy of glory, and may have the happiness to possess God and be possessed by Him for all eternity.

3. *Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in coelo, et in terra* (Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven). The whole perfection of a soul consists in the perfect accomplishment of the will of God, as is done by the

blessed in heaven. Hence Jesus Christ wishes us to ask the grace to accomplish the will of God upon earth, as the saints and angels accomplish it in heaven.

4. *Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie* (Give us this day our daily bread). Such is the text as we find it in St. Luke. By this prayer we ask God for the temporal goods of which we stand in need to sustain our present life. The words "our daily bread" teach us that we should ask for this kind of goods with moderation, after the example of Solomon, who asked only what was necessary: *Give me only the necessities of life*. It is to be remarked that in the Gospel of St. Matthew, instead of the *daily bread*, we read, *Give us this day our supersubstantial bread*. By this supersubstantial bread we must understand, according to the explanation given by the Roman catechism, Jesus Christ Himself in the Sacrament of the Altar, that is, in Holy Communion. We ask this heavenly bread every day, *Give us this day*, because every good Christian should communicate every day, if not really at least spiritually, as we are exhorted by the Council of Trent.

5. *Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris* (And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us). To eat worthily of this heavenly bread, we must be free from mortal sin, or at least be washed of it by the blood of the Lamb in the sacrament of penance.



## CATHOLIC AUTHORS

### 4. Henri Gheon

**I. Life:** Henri Gheon was born of a pious Catholic mother and a godless father in France in 1875. The example of his father and the influence of his secular education led him to abandon his faith soon after his first Communion. The sudden and tragic death of his mother did not cause the restoration of his faith, but rather called forth blasphemous cries against the goodness of God. While serving as a Red Cross doctor during the first World War, he had the privilege of meeting Dominique-Pierre Dupouey, a Lieutenant-Commander in the French Marines. Though Gheon met Dupouey only three times before his death on the field of battle, the example of his splendidly Catholic life brought Gheon back to Communion on Christmas day, 1915. In a small town near Versailles Gheon practices medicine under his real name of Dr. Henri Vangeon.

**II. Writings:** Since his return to the Church, Gheon has been devoting his time to the apostolate of Catholic Literature. He is the dramatist and biographer of the Saints. In his own words, his intention is "to reaccustom the century to the saintly Christian as to a reality; to work to render faith more concrete, more familiar, and more intimately blended with our everyday life; finally to bring back to society those men of yesterday, saints, who, sharing our condition, our temptations, our weakness, won heaven while on earth and fought the good fight before triumphing."

His dramas of the lives of the saints have found wide-spread success and have been presented in the new and old world. The dramas are liturgical dramas in the style of the old miracle and morality plays. The style is popular, simple, at times light and poetic, at times witty and humorous. Several of his many dramas have been translated into English. *The Comedian* narrates the story of St. Genesius, who receives the grace of martyrdom while acting the role of a Christian in a play. *The Marriage of St. Francis*, *The Marvellous History of St. Bernard*, are two of the dramas that have been translated. *The Secret of the Curé of Ars*, *The Secret of the Little Flower*, *The Secret of St. Margaret Mary*, and *The Secret of St. John Bosco* are the biographies that can be obtained in English.

**III. The Book:** *The Secret of the Curé of Ars* is one of the best biographies written by Gheon. Gheon makes a flesh and blood character

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out of the Curé, but not at the price of his sanctity. Gheon presents the man, but also the saint. The physical struggles that the Curé had with the devil are vividly portrayed. The reading of *The Secret of the Curé of Ars* will be a good introduction to the other works of the foremost dramatist and biographer of the Saints.

## Best Sellers

### A Moral Evaluation of Current Books

#### I. Books that are recommended for family reading:

Journey Among Warriors—*Curie*  
Year of Decision—*DeVoto*  
Mama's Bank Account—*Forbes*  
The Ship—*Forester*  
The Shining Trail—*Fuller*  
Story of Dr. Wassel—*Hilton*  
Passport to Treason—*Hynd*  
Variety of Weapons—*King*  
With a Merry Heart—*Phelan*  
Seven Came Through—*Rickenbacker*  
Kate Fennigate—*Tarkington*  
Last Days of Sevastopol—*Voyetekhov*  
Since You Went Away—*Wilder*  
Battle for the Solomons—*Wolfert*

#### II. Books that are recommended to adults only because of content and style or because of some immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole . . .

The Fifth Seal—*Aldanov*  
Moscow Dateline—*Cassidy*  
Ministry of Fear—*Greene*  
The Squad Goes Out—*Greenwood*  
Into the Valley—*Hershey*  
Century of the Common Man—*Wallace*  
Thirty Seconds over Tokyo—*Lawson*  
Autobiography of a Curmudgeon—*Ickes*  
Time of Peace—*Williams*  
Forest and the Fort—*Allen*  
Supper at the Maxwell House—*Crabb*  
Letter from New Guinea—*Haughland*  
Centennial Summer—*Idell*  
Gideon Planish—*Lewis*  
Queens Die Proudly—*White*  
Wildcats Over Casablanca—*Wordell and Seiler*

#### III. Books that are not recommended to any class of readers:

Dawn Over the Amazon—*Beals*  
The Wind that Swept Mexico—*Brenner*  
Mrs. Parkington—*Bromfield*  
Hungry Hill—*Du Maurier*  
Mother Russia—*Hindus*  
Between the Thunder and the Sun—*Sheean*  
Dragon's Teeth—*Sinclair*  
Trio—*Baker*  
The Golden Feather—*Kenyon*  
Running to Paradise—*Lodwick*  
We Can Not Escape History—*Whitaker*  
Life In a Putty Factory—*Smith*

# SEPTEMBER BOOK REVIEWS

Clear thinking on the present war is always welcome, all the more so when it comes from the brilliant mind of Fulton Sheen. Msgr. Sheen has always applied the penetrating light of Divine Faith

to the problems of the hour, and he does not fail us now. His 1943 Catholic Hour Discourses considered *The Crisis in Civilization* (Our Sunday Visitor, 104

pp., paper cover, \$.50.) The tendency is to throw all the blame on the shoulders of the dictators, and to forget that our own sins have played their part in this war. Some nations have denied God; others have distorted the true idea of God; while other nations have practically denied God and His laws by their lives. Msgr. Sheen is clear in his explanation of the war. War is a judgment of God on the nations that have forgotten and despised Him. All of us must strike our breasts in humble confession of our guilt.

Msgr. Sheen then shows that a just peace must be based not on power, nor on expediency, but on morality and justice. Without the justice of God as their sanction, treaties are mere scraps of paper that can be torn to pieces at the pleasure of either party. With the justice of God they are solemn promises binding in conscience those who sign. The first requisite for a just and lasting peace is our own freedom from sin and peace with God. Only when men are themselves at peace with their God can they be at peace with each other. Msgr. Sheen shatters our individual and national self-complacency.

*The Divine Verdict* (Kenedy, 105 pp., cloth cover, \$1.00) contains seven of the talks contained in *The Crisis in Civilization*.

During the last war an American woman, a daughter of a General and the mother of an officer, sought to find the reason for victory. Mary Brabson Littleton has readapted and republished her book: *Whence Victory* (The Scapular Press, 192 pp., \$2.00). Mrs. Littleton shows how victory always seems to fol-

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

low prayer. Victory comes from God and prayer tips the balance in favor of victory. A crusade of prayer was started during the last war, and Mrs. Littleton would like to start the same crusade this war.

*Whence Victory* is written in a clear and impassioned style that will help to bring many people back again to their knees.

*Quest of the Centuries: Peace* (Marygrove College, Detroit, 82 pp., paper cover, \$2.00) is a reprint of the college annual. This year's theme is undoubtedly a timely one. The book treats of peace efforts in ancient Greece and Rome, during the middle ages, and Pan-American efforts towards peace. The book concludes with a section on the prospects of peace. The articles are short, scholarly and well written. May Marygrove and all our Catholic colleges continue this fine piece of Catholic scholarship and Catholic Action.

*The One God* (Herder, 736 pp., \$6.00) is the latest work of Garrigou-Lagrange that Father Bede Rose presents to the English-reading public. The eminent Dominican thinker and writer comments on the first twenty-six questions of Part One of the *Theological Summa* of St. Thomas. The introduction includes a short sketch of the history of Theology, an explanation of the method of St. Thomas, and a summary of the relation between a life of study and a life of prayer. The chapters follow the order of the *Summa*; each chapter is divided into articles according to the plan of the *Summa*. The five classic proofs of the existence of God are examined, and modern objections refuted. *The One God* is certainly recommended to all professors, students and interested clergy. Garrigou-Lagrange is one of the most brilliant Thomists writing today and any book under his signature is well worth reading.

There is definite need of a book that integrates the entire college course of



## **NOTES FOR SUBSCRIBERS**

The business office of THE LIGUORIAN makes the following suggestions:

1. That subscribers who live in cities that are divided into postal zones notify us of their zone number. Just write your name and address with zone number on a penny postcard, adding the date your subscription runs out as found on the envelope in which your last copy was received, and address to THE LIGUORIAN, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. If you have been receiving your copies late in the month, it is probably because of delay in the post offices due to the lack of a zone number. As Christmas approaches the delays will be greater unless we cooperate with the postal authorities.

2. That subscribers make an earnest effort to send in their renewals upon receipt of the first notice of expiration. This saves us time and money. The time we give gladly, but the money is important (even pennies) when we persist in publishing and selling a magazine at cost. It is also asked that subscribers be prompt in sending in notice of change of address. These are patriotic things to do in these times when the post offices are being overworked, because they make unnecessary a great deal of extra correspondence and mailing.

3. That subscribers be patient when there is a delay, despite all we can do, in the delivery of their copies. At the same time we want every subscriber who misses a copy to inform us by postcard, so that the issue can be sent before the month is over.

# Motion Picture Guide

*THE PLEDGE: I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

## *Reviewed This Week*

Cattle Stampede  
Destroyer  
Frontier Bad Men  
Hoosier Holiday

## *Previously Reviewed*

Aerial Gunner  
Air Raid Wardens, The  
Alaska Highway  
Always a Bridesmaid  
Amazing Mrs. Holliday, The  
Arizona Stagecoach  
Assignment in Brittany  
At Dawn We Die  
Background to Danger  
Billy the Kid in the Renegade  
Black Hills Express  
Black Raven, The  
Blazing Frontier  
Blocked Trail, The  
Bombardier  
Bombers Moon  
Border Buckaroos  
Border Patrol  
Bordertown Gunfighters  
Buckskin Frontier  
Calaboose  
Calling Wild Bill Elliott  
Carson City Cyclone  
Chatterbox  
Cinderella Swings It  
Clancy Street Boys  
Costal Command  
Colt Comrades  
Cowboy Commandos  
Cowboy in Manhattan  
Crime Doctor  
Crime Smasher  
Days of Old Cheyenne  
Death Rides the Plains  
Desert Victory  
Desperadoes, The  
Elsie Duggan  
Eternal Gift, The  
Falcon in Danger, The

False Faces  
Fighting Buckaroo  
Fighting Valley  
Forever and a Day  
Frontier Fury  
Fugitive from Sonora  
Fugitive of the Plains  
Gentle Gangster, A  
Get Going  
Ghost and the Guest, The  
Ghost Rider  
Gildensleeve's Bad Day  
Girl Crazy  
Glory of Faith, The (French)  
Golgotha  
Good Luck, Mr. Yeats  
Hail to the Rangers  
Harrigan's Kid  
Headin' for God's Country  
Henry Aldrich Swings It  
Hers to Hold  
High Explosive  
Hit the Ice  
How's About It?  
Human Comedy, The  
It's a Great Life  
Johnny Doughboy  
Kansan, The  
Keep 'Em Slugging  
King of the Cowboys  
King of the Stallions  
Land of Hunted Men  
Law of the Northwest  
Leather Burners, The  
Little Flower of Jesus  
Man from Thunder River  
Man Trap, The  
Monastery—George Kraska  
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch  
My Friend Flicka  
Mysterious Doctor, The  
Night Plane from Chungking  
No Place for a Lady  
Nobody's Darling  
Our Lady of Paris

Perpetual Sacrifice, The  
Pilot No. 5  
Power of the Press  
Prairie Chickens  
Purple V, The  
Reveille with Beverly  
Riders of the Rio Grande  
Robin Hood of the Range  
Saddles and Sagebrush  
Saint Meets the Tiger, The  
Salute to the Marines  
Santa Fe Scouts  
Shantytown  
Silver Spurs  
Sky's the Limit, The  
Sleepy Lagoon  
Small Town Deb  
Somewhere in France  
Song of Texas  
Spitfire  
Squadron Leader X  
Story of the Vatican, The  
Stranger from Pecos  
Stranger in Town  
Strictly in the Groove  
Swing Your Partner  
Tennessee Johnson  
They Came to Blow Up America  
This Is the Army  
Thumbs Up  
Trail of Terror  
Trail Riders  
Two Tickets to London  
Two Weeks to Live  
Victory Through Air Power  
Virgin of Guadalupe, The  
West of Texas  
Western Cyclone  
We Are the Marines  
We've Never Been Licked  
What's Buzzin' Cousin?  
Wild Horse Stampede  
Wolves of the Range  
Yanks Ahoy  
Youngest Profession, The